

CONTENTS

		PAGE
<i>To My Countrymen</i> Nawab Sir Nizamat Jung ..	1	
OUR CULTURAL HERITAGE ..	2	
S. Hanumantha Rao, M. A., L. T. ..		
THE PHILOSOPHY OF IQBAL Riazul Hasan ..	7	
THIS MODERN CIVILIZATION S. K. Gokhale ..	12	
AND THUS I SURVEY M. Hadi Hasan ..	16	
OMAR KHAYYAM Miss Meheroo Dalal ..	20	
MEETING THE U-BOAT MENACE ..	24	
S. Venkataraman, M. Sc. ..		
<i>The Pride of Man</i> M. A. Sivasamban ..	27	
WINDS OF FORTUNE 'Asif' ..	28	
INDUSTRIALIZATION IN INDIA B. M. Parekh ..	35	
THE MYSTERIOUS FIVE ..	39	
B. V. Rama Narsu, M. A., B. Ed. ..		
MARVELS OF PHOTOGRAPHY K. Ramanathan ..	44	
NATIONALISM—A Curse to Civilization ..	48	
Fariduddin Ahmed ..		
<i>The Wintry Wind</i> Miss S. S. Engineer ..	51	
SACRIFICE Miss N. D. Talati ..	52	
TAGORE Swamycharan Singh ..	56	
HYDROPOONICS W. Pattabhi Ram Rao ..	60	
HENRY VIII AND LADY ANNE BOLEYN ..	63	
Miss D. Mehta ..		
AJANTA & ELLORA S. H. R. ..	68	

<i>An Impression of a Ruined Garden</i>	..	76
M. Naser-ud-Deen Khan		
STARS	J. Narasimha Rao	.. 77
ANTONY	‘Seetha’	.. 82
A REVOLUTION IN FILM INDUSTRY	..	86
Syed Amanullah Husaini		
PERSONALITIES	Mohamed Mumtaz Ali	.. 91
<i>The Flowers</i>	Miss F. Qutbuddin	.. 92
NOTHING	Gerald Thomas	.. 93
A COUNTRY TAILOR	Miss S. S. Engineer	.. 95
PHYSICAL EDUCATION IN COLLEGES	..	98
Miss Silloo B. Fracis		
UNIVERSITY CHAMPIONS IN CRICKET & FOOTBALL	..	100
Md. Mazharuddin Ahmed		
COLLEGE NOTES	..	103



SAHEBZADA NAWAB BASALAT JAH BAHADUR

NAWAB SALAR JUNG BAHADUR,



SAHEBZADI NAFEES-UN-NISA BEGUM SAHEBA

NAB SALAR JUNG F

To My Countrymen

BRITANNIA guards a shattered world,
Un-doubting and undaunted still !
That flag of hers for right unfurled,
Be it a symbol of God's will !

Despite the horrors of the time
Let faith be strong in every heart.
We see the pride and power of Crime—
We'll see that power and pride depart !

Black ruin shrouds them in its pall,
Who sow the world with seeds of hate ;
Accurst of God and man, they'll fall
Who seek by slaughter to be great.

A moment's breath, their vaunted might—
Against God's vengeance nought avails.
All power is His who shieldeth Right ;
Eternal Justice never fails !

The hoped-for end, ordained on high,
Is hastening tow'rd the promised day :
Not long will Europe prostrate lie
Beneath a robber-nation's sway !

NIZAMAT JUNG

Our Cultural Heritage

THE teaching of the Vedas was based on pure monotheism, conveyed in the saying, "That which exists is one; sages call it variously." The secret teachings of the forest-dwellers, the Upanishads emphasised the same truth that God is one without a second and that He is the only object of worship.

That emphasis should not be laid on ritual and the performance of sacrifices for earthly rewards but on personal conduct and self-perfection, is evident from the descriptions of a perfect man in the Puranas or the Bhagawad Gita. The path to perfection was a difficult one but humility, unpretentiousness, harmlessness, forgiveness, rectitude, purity, self-control, detachment, absence of egoism, were so many steps on the ladder leading to perfection.

The first great historical figure whose thoughts have profoundly influenced the history of mankind, was Gautama Buddha. More by his godly living than by words, he taught men to eliminate the brute within and suffuse themselves with the Divine spirit. It is not right to describe him as the denouncer of activity. We find him saying, "It is true that I preach extinction, but only extinction of pride, lust, evil thoughts and ignorance, not that of forgiveness, love, chastity and truth."

A contemporary of Buddha was Mahavira, another great historical personage who taught the duties of harmlessness, charity, honesty, chastity and renunciation of selfish ambitions.

The essential teaching of all these seers known and unknown, of the early ages of India's past, is well con-

veyed by these lines of an English poet,

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

* * * * *

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small.

The Great Emperor Asoka gave his princely patronage to the faith of Buddha. The teachings of the Master were conveyed throughout his Empire, through his sermons on stone. They emphasise the universality of the path of Buddha, an all-embracing love, that makes no distinction between high and low, citizen and barbarian.

For about a thousand years, from the 3rd century B. C. to the 7th century A. D. the life and teaching of Gautama Buddha made a profound appeal to the princes and people of the Deccan. Its influence is indicated in the wealth of sculpture and painting at Ajanta. Pilgrims from distant China, such as Fa Hien and Hieuen Tsang, endured considerable hardships to render their homage to the land of Buddha.

A profound conception of the unity of all life pervades the art of Ajanta. "It is the complete expression of every side of the Indian soul." It presents the vision of the living world but "always emerging from it, a life of the spirit prevails, the spirit that contemplates and is filled with compassion." It conveys the Upanishadic thought, "By performing works do you live a hundred years."

There was no period in Indian history, when India lived in isolation. From the earliest times there are evidences of commercial and intellectual contact between India and the western world. Foreigners, like Heliodorus, the Greek ambassador, embraced the Indian religions. Indians in large numbers colonised the Malay Archipelago and established themselves in the Middle and Far East. The cult of devotion, or Bhakti, to a personal God was already developing in the first centuries of the Christian era. The assimilation of Greek, Persian and Saka ideas with Indian Culture is evidenced in the development of Mahayana Buddhism.

Contact with Islam further strengthened the emphasis on monotheism, the cult of devotion of Bhakti, the abolition of all social distinctions in the presence of God and the futility of elaborate rites and ceremonies. The Arab conquest of Sindh was not barren of results. Arab scholars went to Benares to study astronomy from Hindu scholars. The monastic aspects of Buddhism were adopted by the Sufis. The mysticism of Kabir, Nanak and Chaitanya was foreshadowed in the Sufi teachings of Lal Shabaz and Khawaja Hasan Nizami of Sindh. Indian scholars went to Baghdad and enjoyed the patronage of the Khalif, Harun-al-Rashid.

The Vaishnava movements of reform in South India, were partly movements from within and partly reflections of the new forces that were operating in the India of the Middle Ages. Traditional accounts describe an interview of Ramanuja with the Delhi Emperor. A Sanskrit biography of another South Indian reformer, Madhava, written in the 14th century, mentions his interview with a Muslim ruler and his conversation in the language of the ruler. Their great emphasis on monotheism, their essential teaching, that the word of the prophet or *guru* is as important as the word of God and their attempt to abolish caste distinctions are all indications of the influence of Islam. Islam was also influenced by its contact with India. Prince Muhammed Fateh Khan, the eldest son of Balban, was the patron of Amir Khusru, the greatest of the early Indo-Moslem poets. His little poem, Khalikbari Surjanhar, was intended to show the fundamental identity of all religions. The belief in one All-merciful, All-loving God who can be realised not by any intellectual process but by faith and prayer, is evident in all the religious ferment that was taking place in various parts of India during the Middle Ages.

In the Maharashtra, Jnaneswara (1300 A. D.) emphasised that "there is none high or low with God". His younger contemporary, Namdev, a tailor by caste, preached that "there is only one God, that Hinduism and Islam are not different in essence, that devotion to God is everything" and that caste distinctions and rituals are meaningless. Similar ideas were spread in Northern India by Ramanand and his greatest disciple, Kabir.

Kabir's mission was to reconcile Hinduism and Islam. He was the greatest of Indian mystics describing himself as the child of Allah and Ram. He says

'O servant! where dost thou seek Me?
Lo! I am beside thee!
I am neither in temple, nor in mosque,
I am neither in Kaaba nor in Kailas.

If thou art a true seeker, thou shalt at once see me,
Thou shalt meet in a moment of time,
Kabir says, O Sadhu! God is the breath of all breath.'

The poet saint, Ibn-ul-Arabi conveys a similar thought,

'My heart has become capable of every form,
It is a pasture for gazelles and a convent for Christian
monks,
And a temple for idols and pilgrim's Kaaba,
And the table of the Tora and the book of the
Koran,
I follow the religion of love, whichever way his
camels take.'

His great disciple was Nanak, (1469 A. D.) a trader by caste. The Mogul Emperor, Babar held him in high regard. The message of Nanak was that there is no Hindu and no Musalman and that God is "the father and mother of all". Humayun obtained the blessing of Angad to regain his throne. Akbar walked barefooted to Amardas and offered him a large estate, which he refused. The Muslim mystics, Mian Mir Shah Husain and Bulla Shah came into intimate contact with Arjun. Akbar used to listen to his psalms. Nur Jahan took great interest in Har Govind. Dara Shikoh was a follower of Har Rai. Govind Singh followed Emperor Bahadur Shah to the Deccan. To Govind is attributed this composition, "The temple and the mosque are the same : the Hindu worship and the Musalman prayer are the same, all men are the same : it is through error they appear different."

Prince Dara Shikoh made a comparative study of Islam and Hinduism in his "Mingling of the Two Oceans".

He translated 52 Upanishads into Persian, with the help of Hindu scholars. His was "a heroic soul that stood for peace and concord among mankind." Modern India is not without similar examples of the commingling of diverse influences in the formation of a United India. Raja Ram Mohun Roy (1833 A.D.) perceived the same truth in the teachings of the Upanishads, the sayings of the Koran and the precepts of Jesus. He translated the Upanishads, wrote a pamphlet in Persian, 'Tuhfatul Muwahhidin' and compiled the precepts of Jesus. In the words of Zeno, he taught us to count men as "joint tenants of a common field to be filled for the advantage of all and each".

Rabindranath Tagore presented to us an example of that love that transcends all distinctions of an ephemeral character. Several years ago, he wrote "To-day give me the *mantram* of that deity who belongs to all-Hindu, Mussulman, Christian and Brahmo alike—the doors to whose temple are never closed to any person of any caste whatever".

Addressing the youth of Hyderabad, on the 16th of December, 1933, he said "I hope that some profound dreamer will spring from your midst to sing a psalm of life everlasting, and all-embracing love, and therewith overcoming all differences bridge the chasm of passions which has been widening for centuries. Age after age, in Asia, great souls have heartened the world with showers of grace and immense assurance. Asia is again waiting for such world-spirits to come and carry on the work, not of fighting, not of profit making, but of interlinking bonds of human relationship..... It is your mission to prove that love for the earth and for the things of the earth, is possible without materialism, love without the vulgarity of avarice..... Civilisation is waiting for a great consummation, for an expression of its soul in beauty. This must be our contribution to the world".

S. HANUMANTHA RAO

The Philosophy of Iqbal

THE basis of the philosophy of Iqbal is the conception of self, which subject may be best understood by quoting his own statement to Dr. Nicholson. "All life is individual, there is no such thing as universal life. God himself is an individual." "The Universe", as Dr. McTaggart says, "is an association of individuals, but we must add that the orderliness and adjustment we find in this association is not eternally achieved and complete in itself. It is the result of instinctive and conscious effort. We are gradually travelling from Chaos to Cosmos and are helpers in this achievement. Nor are members of the association fixed; new members are coming to birth to co-operate in the great task. Thus the Universe is not a completed act: it is still in the course of formation. There can be no complete truth about the Universe for the Universe has not yet become a complete 'whole'. The process of creation is still going on and man too takes a share in it, inasmuch as he brings about order into at least a portion of the chaos. The Koran indicates the possibility of other creators than God."

According to Iqbal the source of the Universe is a single all-pervading self, which possesses intrinsically the forces of consciousness and instinct. In order to bring these forces into play, it has divided itself into ego and non-ego. The ego or the self constantly fights against the forces of Nature as the attainment of individuality is its sole aim. Iqbal has unequivocally expressed it:— "What then is life? It is individual: its highest form, so far, is ego (khudi) in which the individual becomes a self-contained exclusive centre". This self has for itself a life full of conflict against the elements of Nature. Its value in the scale of life is determined by the degree to which the self has attained strength and has overcome Nature:—

The form of Existence is an effect of the self,
All that thou seest is from amongst the secrets
of the self,

When ego awakened itself,
It has brought to light the Universe of thought,

A hundred worlds are hidden in his self
Self-affirmation leads to "Not-self",
To manifest itself is the nature of self,
In every particle sleeps the might of the self.

To Iqbal life is a forward assimilative movement
and conquers all difficulties by assimilating them. It
creates new ideals for life and in the process of achieving
them steadily strengthens itself. Self ever yearns after
new undertakings.

Life lasts as long as there is purpose,
The bell of its caravan owes its existence to purpose,
Life is hidden in seeking,
Its origin lies shrouded in desire.

The guide that is needed for the attainment of such
an ideal is love (ishq) which word has a particular
meaning for him in the sense that it implies drawing of
inspiration from a higher self and learning the secret that
leads to the attainment of the ideal.

By love it is made more lasting,
More living, more burning, more effulgent,
Procure alchemy (gold) out of a handful of dust,
Kiss the threshold of a perfect Man.

Thus the love of an immortal ideal enhances the
growth of the self of mortal being and immortalises it.

When the self is strengthened by Love,
Its power gains dominion over the world.

In contradistinction to the effect of Love, asking
(sua'l) weakens the ego and asking in its ultimate sense
stands for inaction.

Happy is the man who though thirsty in the sun,
Does not beg of Khizr a cup of water.

Self
When self strengthens itself through Love of an ideal being, and by living up to an ideal Man, gains control over all elemental forces of Nature,

When self is strengthened by Love,
Its power gains dominion over the world.

But before the ego attains this greatness of power it has to pass through three stages :—

The first step towards the making of a greater Self is the obedience to that Law which the Creator of the Universe has determined for every being

Strive for Obedience, O, needless,
Compulsion leads to option.

The second stage is of self-control which is the highest form of self-consciousness or egohood. Man ought to gain control over the meaner elements of his nature, especially sex-love and fear which are predominant.

Whosoever does not govern himself,
He shall be governed by others,
Your passions like a camel are uncontrollable,
They are unchecked, unrestrained and uncontrolled.

After passing through the above two stages man claims the Divine Vicegerency *i.e.*, the establishment of the "Kingdom of Heaven on Earth".

It is good to be the representative of God,
It is good to rule over the Elements.

The super-human law to be followed for the attainment of self is the law that binds the individual to society. To Iqbal the relation of a drop of water to a river illustrates the relation between the individual and society. According to him, the drop of water when mingled in the river never loses its own individuality, but on the other hand gains enormous power from that "whole".

When the individual loses his entity in a society,
The drop that seeks vastness turns into the Red Sea.

The connection of the individual with a society is a
boon,
Its Reality attains perfection through society.

To reach spiritual greatness Iqbal advocates the training of self through adherence to the traditions of a particular society, which enable the individual to approach nearer the ideal of his life. The continuation of national life is a problem for every responsible leader of a nation. Iqbal was a great lover of past traditions and his conception is justifiable, since the perpetual life of a nation depends on clinging fast to national traditions. It is a cogent force that breeds affinity for the social whole.

From a purely philosophic point of view, a universal conception of humanity is possible, but when we view this conception as a living ideal, even the most broad-minded amongst us are compelled to see it in the limited frame-work of a society. Iqbal sees the attainment of his ideal possible in the society of Islam. According to him the real perfection of the human ego, and the sound relationship between the individual and society can be established only under the regime of Islam, as the bond of union between the individual and society in Islam is not based upon the limited conception of race or land but upon the universal faith of "Risalat and Towheed" (Prophethood and Unity of God). The individual has been endowed with perfect freedom only under Islam which has based itself upon freedom, liberty, and brotherhood in their true senses.

This kind of common code, common desire, common centre, and common ideal unites society and turns it into a living whole. It feels the strength of its collective self which in turn lends power and resourcefulness to the individual.

When a nation loses its Code,
Like dust its particles break away.

Much of Iqbal's poetry deals with the subject of the philosophy of self and the philosophy of the social life, which have little to do with emotion (intuition). So far, he has translated philosophical truths into poetry that has given them colour, charm and attraction.

Iqbal then enters the field of mysticism where he clothes albeit imperfectly the experiences his heart has gained through intuition. It is the most critical stage, for even spiritual beings have lost themselves in the Universe. The first sight of the Eternal Being cuts them off from this world. Yet Iqbal seems to survive this stage.

We have already seen that self is inspired by the love of that higher being that is at a higher rung of the spiritual ladder. The eternal love of God overwhelms man's ego. The perfect in God draws the self towards it like a magnet. This is called eternal love (ishq). The highest stage that man attains in his spiritual life is where he aspires to view that Eternal Being. His attainment depends upon the personal power of the self. At times a glimpse is vouchsafed and unlike the conception of pantheism, the ego of Iqbal remains a distinct unit apart from its Creator. It delights itself in this state and yet strives harder and harder to attain its end.

The philosophy of Iqbal in a nut-shell is : "he regards reality as a process of becoming, not as an eternal state ; his universe is an association of individuals headed by the most unique individual *i.e.*, God. Their life consists in the formation and creation of personality. The perfect man not only absorbs the world of matter by mastering it ; he absorbs God himself into his ego, assimilating divine attributes".

RIAZUL HASAN
Senior B. A.

This Modern Civilization

MY intention in this article is not to condemn the whole course of civilization and progress as we understand it to-day, but to confine myself to those evils that have inevitably crept in, owing to the complexity and variety of modern human relationships. Such an exposition is not with a view to mitigate these evils but it may help us to know what we really are, and how we are almost unconsciously coaxed and relentlessly urged to persist in the path of so called advancement and culture which, had the reality dawned upon us earlier, we would have most assuredly avoided.

Everyone now believes that the origin of human society was in the social instinct of man. The course of human progress from society to state has been regarded as the most glorious of human achievements fraught with momentous consequences. "The state came into existence for life and continues for good life." The advantages of civilized society with an organized people and efficient governmental machinery, are too obvious and too numerous to enumerate. Enlightened despotisms gave place to bureaucratic types which again were superseded by democratic institutions of recent growth. Popular and responsible governments vied with each other in promoting the welfare of the people, in all aspects of civic life, economic, political, social, moral and scientific. New philosophy was propounded to suit new facts and environment, and with the passing of each generation, progress was taken for granted. School-going children were repeatedly told that their forefathers knew nothing of railways and motor-cars, electric lights and fans, telephones and the wireless, and very lurid pictures of their miserable existence were presented before them in books and lectures. Such influences, imbibed in the plastic minds of the young, took deep root and fostered by the congenial social beliefs and practices, blossomed forth into an unconscious but firm

conviction of the grandeur of modern civilization. Thus when the ball was set rolling, contrary to the proverb, it gathered much moss; and very properly too, for who would not avoid the preaching of an unpalatable truth? The notion of progress and civilization encouraged by the spirit of mutual indulgence and complacence became well-established and any endeavour to expose its real nature became an act of madness for the simple reason that running counter to public opinion was to court disaster.

Attempts have however been made in the past and are more frequent in the present, to sound a note of warning against this headlong march of so-called progress. Rousseau condemned every phase of civilization as a retrograde step and became the prophet of nature. The rigour of his indictment slashingly criticised by his contemporaries, has perhaps been justified by modern experience. Sir Bertrand Russell points out that the change in public opinion became really manifest after the great war. The nations which suffered most, were the loudest in their assertions that the past was more happy than the present.

Any course of civilization which ultimately results in an international conflagration and leads to incalculable loss and human suffering, may be "civilization" but not certainly "progress". If by civilization we are to mean the origin, development and trial of new ideals in place of old, new ways on life, enjoyment and suffering in place of old and the supersession of an old ideology by a new one—then civilization can be taken for granted with every monsoon flood flowing down the village stream. But such changes in themselves do not necessarily imply advance or progress. Every change need not be for good, simply because it is a change.

It is high time therefore, now that we are being convulsed by the horrors of a scientific war, to probe deeper into the facts of modern society, with a view to find out whether there is anything really rotten anywhere, and if so, to remedy it without any more thought for the myth of modern civilization.

Let us, I repeat, not harshly judge of our civilization

only by the ferocity of modern warfare, which in itself is doubtless a sufficient condemnation. But let us turn to the more commonplace and peaceful aspects of social life and mark what we find. Someone has written that the first casualty in a war is truth ; but is the converse true ? Are we not, at least the large majority of us, always wearing masks to hide our real identity ? I am in the company of my relations, servants, masters, or strangers. Everytime, the mask is adjusted to suit the company or the occasion, but never wholly lifted. It is in the presence of my sincere friend perhaps, that I am bold enough to present myself in true colours. The only reason for such hypocrisy is that it is so universal and necessary that it has practically amounted to a social virtue and gentlemanly accomplishment.

One trait of a backward community is ignorance—the inability to think for oneself or to express one's thoughts to others. But whereas genuine illiteracy of this type is branded as backwardness, artificial illiteracy and wanton lack of understanding is regarded as the peak of progress. If I cannot think and judge for myself or speak my own mind, I am an imbecile ; but having been endowed with reason and judgement, if I never exercise my mind, never speak my true thoughts, and fall in line with others, and speak what I never mean, I am not only civilized, but polished and refined. The illiterate confuses himself ; the educated confounds others ; the former speaks things as he sees them ; the latter speaks as he would like others see and believe them. Let everyone think for himself, of how and what he talks to others, nay, to those who are his nearest and dearest, and verify the truth of these assertions.

What is true of our private life equally applies to our social and corporate existence. How many families to-day place common above selfish interest ? How many villages work jointly for a common ideal ? How many theories are twisted to suit the convenience of nations ? Is economic and political slavery the less apparent to-day in this era of democratic progress ? Is the social and moral standard of excellence of individuals or groups higher than it was before ? Is not science to a large extent killing reverence in general and fear of sin

in particular. Stark might, brutal and relentless, stalks the world! Perversion of truth has become far more precious than truth; material grandeur evokes a greater following than spiritual worth; genuine ignorance has been overpowered by faked ignorance—all to keep up that show of civilization which the least hint of challenge will give away.

If lying has become an accomplishment, all social virtues have been reduced to a farce. The essence as of fashion is to behave as dictated by vanity rather than by honour. No one seems to be afraid of his own conscience as of the opinions of others. He is an actor on the stage of civilization and plays his part as directed. The crux of the matter is, that we are running a new show with old appliances. The old terms of liberty, honour, truth, and right are still retained, when the context is gone and no one has the audacity to explain their new implications in modern civilization. It is like an archaeological find of an idol, once deeply revered with fear and trembling, now being made the subject of historical investigation. If anything can console the minds of men with stories of the winged flights of angelic progress,—human nature remaining the same—it is this modern civilization!

S. K. GOKHALE
B.A. (Hons.)

And Thus I Survey

IN a highly personal essay of this kind, you cannot help repeating the egoistic first person singular. For the first person has such a force and a charm all its own, coupled with a certain hypnotism, that one is apt to agree with Milton that it may,

“Dissolve one into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes”.

And therefore it will not be un-becoming if I start off with my likes and dislikes—dislikes, preferably. So sit tight, dear reader, and let out a thundering loud guffaw, even when there is no reason for baring your teeth.

I hate many things on this earth. I hate all those ladies who simply must knit the whole day, inventing all sorts of juicy scandals, and I hate all men who simply knit their eyebrows. I hate all those women whose hair smells of stale cocoanut oil, and those men who possess a flying trapeze of a moustache. I hate all those people who sip soup with all sorts of noises, and those people who demand a second helping from an already served course. I hate hostesses who must entertain you by boring you stiff with their own experiences. And I curse all those partners at contract bridge who persist in kicking you on your shins. I do not like those girls who shake themselves, like wet terriers, whenever they hear the syncopating beats of La Conga, and those men who go mad on hearing swing music. I do not at all like those persons who lack a sense of humour, and that's why I do not like Karl Marx because he is so unlike the Marx brothers. I hate all those people who stuff their shoulders with horse hair, when they should be stuffing horse-sense into their craniums. I hate all blood-sucking financiers

who go about in limousines, and who have sucked people out of their homes. I hate poverty, sickness, disease, for they have brought many social sins and vices. I hate I hate O, the number is legion.

They say that man is essentially a forward looking animal. And perhaps that's what Voltaire meant when he said that we never live; we are always in the expectation of living. This faculty of looking forward is developed to such a pitch that man always looks forward to fight—wordy or otherwise, especially when the opponent's skill is below par. They will argue and go round in circles like the whirling of an Argentine bolas in flight, so that one is reminded of the poet who said that man

“hears a music centred in a doleful song, Steaming up a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong, Like a tale of little meaning, though the words are strong.”

To the religious, man is an offspring of a being of clay, who is paternally known as Adam. Even the being who breathed life into that figure of clay did not wish that its offspring should quarrel amongst themselves. And from that Divine Purpose, if there be any, we have deviated, so much so that what was once spoken by Jeremiah still holds good,

“A voice was heard in Ramah,
Weeping and great mourning,
Rachel weeping for her children,
And she would not be comforted, because they
are not.”

Israel had waxed fat on the worship of the Golden Calf, but we have waxed fat on the worship of the Baal of the Stock Exchange, where we bull and bear with artistic cunning. And for want of a *le mot juste*, we dubbed the Israelities pagans for that! as the French would say, “*C'est le commencement de la fin de raison.*”

So *homo-sapiens* is not so forward looking, after all. His horizon is fogged by the hazy impedimenta of his own creation. We lack the guts to forget the buried past and forego the present, so that we may eke out a heal-

thier, better future. We are always looking back for moral support, requiring a sheet anchor for every idea that takes shape. And this conservatism is at once the hope and despair, for the progeny of Adam. It is a hope in the sense that we might take some bitter lessons from the past; a despair in the sense that the dead-weight of

“.....the whole of the world's tears,

.....
And all the trouble of her myriad years”

cruelly bears us down. And perhaps that is why in between the refined melodies of Beethoven and Tschaikowski one still hears the primitive beats of La Conga and the Rhumba reverberating through the music-halls of the world. Perchance one sceptically agrees with the Chinese author who humorously remarked that though man tries to soar into the heights, he seldom rises more than six feet from this mundane earth !

We still have to learn and experiment a lot before we can call ourselves cultured. Learn? With the system of education we have, and which incidentally, has been condemned by umpteen Vice-Chancellors, one simply marvels at the spoon-fed annual “turn-over” of our institutions. For how many of those that yearly storm the portals of the Universities are really fitted for the enterprise? Their cooped mentality betrays a

“Stern tyrannic thought that makes
All other thoughts its slaves,”

while their smothered intellect is an un-becoming sepulchre over the soul that was once creative ability.

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

The sceptical might say that nothing short of a miracle can alter our mental groove. But I agree with Chesterton when he says “As to me, I know of nothing else but miracles.....” And to rely on miracles one must have intense imagination and the direct visions

of a boy, so that both may work together and we may say

“Ever the scaly shape of monstrous sin,
At last lay vanquished, fold on writhing fold.”

And to the intense imagination of the boy we must also add the passion of the boy—the curious desire to experiment, to find out, so that

“He kicks you downstairs with such infinite grace,
You might think he was handing you up.”

While in his desire to observe, let him exclaim

“Read all the pedant’s screeds and strictures ;
But don’t believe anything
That can’t be told in coloured pictures.”

And as the young chick pecks its way out of the egg-shell to come into the sunshine, so must *homo sapiens* peck himself out of all his troubles to bask in the uplands of reason, for

“Fear not ; life still
Leaves human effort scope.”

Then might one yearn with Milton and exclaim

“Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.”

So let us all be a-pecking !

M. HADI HASAN

Senior Intermediate

Omar Khayyam

IT is to "the gift and the faculty divine" of Edward Fitzgerald that the world no less than to the poet, astronomer and philosopher, Omar Khayyam, owes a large debt of gratitude for the highly excellent translation of the Rubaiyat. This Persian pearl remained unpolished for more than seven hundred years. It was left for Fitzgerald, carefully and patiently, to burnish up the gem and thus make it a thing of beauty and a joy to us for ever.

Whether or not, the translation surpasses the original we leave to experienced critics to determine. However when his brother translator Winfield readily admits in his introduction to the quatrains of Omar Khayyam the superior nature of Fitzgerald's translation, we can safely agree with him. Winfield lifts his hat in admiration, with the words "Fitzgerald was a born poet and the great liberties he took with Omar have been amply justified by the result".

Primarily speaking, Omar endeavoured to grapple with the riddle of the Universe, to find in life some straw at which even a drowning man could catch. So the poet muses and writes upon the uncertainty of life, the eternity of time, and the mutability of human things. Though literature and art have given countless treasures to humanity, and though science has solved and ceaselessly tried to solve its mysteries, yet, the mazes of existence, the problem of life, the cause, purpose and end of all, remain as dark and inscrutable as they were centuries ago. Khayyam himself confesses

"There was a Door, to which I found no key,
There was a Veil, past which I could not see".

Sceptic as he was, he laments like the poets of the Victorian era, over the dark veil which shrouds human

life in mystery. Though Omar may try to lift himself above the entanglements of life, inspite of all his yearning and passionate ardour, Nature seems not to invite him, into the chamber where she keeps close her infinite secrets. With a melancholy smile on his face he turns, crying

“To grasp this sorry scheme of things, entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then,
Remould it nearer to the heart’s desire !”

Thwarted in this attempt to extricate himself and humanity, from the labyrinth of life he “divorced reason and took the daughter of Vine to Spouse.” All the philosophy that he could learn and combine with his own, failed to give him the satisfaction he wanted.

“Myself when young did eagerly frequent,
Doctor and Saint and heard great argument,
About it and about ! but evermore,
Came out by the same Door as in I went.”

As a last resort he seeks “elixir in the cup divine.” The love of wine was, and still is a weakness of the flesh. But Khayyam was greater than most of the weak and sinking children of to-day. To him the so-called sins of men were not crimes, but weaknesses inherent in their being and beyond their power to prevent. Above man, he saw the heavy hand of destiny ever guiding and controlling, ever moving its victims forward to the inevitable fate prepared throughout the centuries for helpless captives, marching, shackled, to the block.

Omar Khayyam was probably not the first and certainly not the last to feel the impotence of man against the great Power which animates the whole. He seems to think that behind the Universe some Intelligent Power moved and controlled the world, for some purpose unknown to all. His view of life corresponds to that of Shakespeare, for he says,

“ ’Tis all a Chequer-board of Nights and Days
Where Destiny with men for pieces plays ;
Hither and thither moves, and mates and slays,
And one by one back in the closet lays.”

Again :

“Think, in this battered Caravanserai
Whose Doorways are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultan after Sultan, with his Pomp
Abode his hour or two, and went his way.”

In the Kuza Nama the second portion of the Rubaiyat, in drawing a parallel between the Potter, and the pots, he asks the question, “Pray who is the Potter and who the pot ?” In this part of the poem, the author ranges the poor pieces of pottery in line, each representing a man, and each imperfect in structure or form. These imperfect vessels, each pleads its cause and makes excuses for its defects.

“None answered this, but after silence spake,
A vessel of a more ungainly make :
They sneer at me for leaning all awry,
What ! did the Hand then of the Potter shake ?”

He saw in man one of the most insignificant toys created by this Power for some unknown end, and he could not believe that the Master-BUILDER would demand of His imperfect children more than He had furnished them the strength to give. The very fact that men are made imperfect, according to Omar, does not hold them responsible for their acts.

“Oh Thou who man of baser earth did make,
And even in Paradise devised the snake,
For all the sin wherewith the face of man,
Is blackened—man’s forgiveness give and take.”

The words do not constitute the prayer of a man who asks the forgiveness of God to appease His anger, but they are the utterance of a soul who asks forgiveness for the shortcomings of his life.

To the superficial reader, the work of Omar Khayyam may show a tendency to incline towards the sensual and a great fondness for wine. But the allusions are doubtless symbolical and beneath each line is hidden some undeniable truth. Even philosophy and theology had

nothing to teach Khayyam. According to him, they only furnish visionary theories, utterly barren and wrong. He essayed to learn what life really meant, but it is apparent that he has failed. His consolation is poor indeed and so with the deepest pathos in a stanza which is full of despair, he exclaims, to the tune of the Roman poet Horace :—

“Ah make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too in the dust descend !
Dust into Dust and under Dust to be,
Sans Wine, Sans Song, Sans Singer and Sans End !

MISS MEHEROO DALAL
Junior B. A.

Meeting the U-Boat Menace

AT the Geneva Naval Conference of 1927, Great Britain made frantic efforts to prohibit the use of the submarine or the U-boat as a legitimate weapon of naval warfare. Barring the United States, no first-class power would support her. It is easy to understand Britain's anxiety to have the submarine outlawed. In the last World War, the German submarine all but succeeded in reducing Great Britain to submission and a third of the British mercantile marine fell a prey to the U-boat ogre. Even to-day, despite the rapid advances made in anti-submarine tactics, the U-boat continues to be a serious menace to British naval supremacy. Recently President Roosevelt said that for every five ships sunk by Germany, Britain and America, between them, can only build two new ships.

If we frequently hear more of the triumphs of the German U-boats than of the English submarines, that is because British merchant ships are always out and taking risks, whilst even warships of Germany keep close to their home ports so that British ships are not able to get at them.

The possibility of the abolition of the submarine is indeed very remote. Quite apart from its usefulness as a fearful weapon of destruction in war, the submarine offers the only effective means of coastal defence at a small capital cost. Holland relied entirely on her submarine fleets for the defence of the home country and of the Dutch East Indies. As a scouting vessel, the submarine remains unsurpassed by any other type of naval craft. Submerged outside a hostile port, she could observe the enemy's movements for several days, without her presence being noticed or even suspected.

The part that submarines are required to play in any war is well-known and hence we can expect Great Britain

to be quite prepared to meet the U-boat menace. It is not possible to explain in any detail, how exactly she is meeting the menace, as her methods, both defensive and offensive, are kept secret. Most of the methods she adopted in the last war have, perhaps, not become quite obsolete yet, but aircrafts now play a foremost part in the fight against the U-boats.

As the U-boat has proved itself capable of sinking the most heavily armed and armoured of battleships, improved underwater protection is given to battleships, cruisers and merchantmen ; and near the harbours, huge steel nets are let down into the sea to put the hydroplanes and propellers of the enemy submarine out of action when the unlucky craft gets entangled in the meshes. Mines are laid round naval bases from which the U-boats sally forth on their death-dealing cruises. Mines are hollow spheres or pear-shaped containers filled with explosives and laid below the surface of water, so as to explode on contact with the hulls of their unwary victims.

A submarine reporting the enemy's movements has necessarily to use a wireless transmitter, and often, by the careless manner in which the transmitter was operated, she revealed her presence to the enemy. She could also be located by boats carrying an apparatus sensitive to the disturbances she made in water. If a U-boat is located in this way, destroyers, submarines, fast motor-boats or airplanes might be sent out against her. These will, of course, be armed with guns, torpedoes or depth charges. A depth charge is a thin-walled canister filled with explosives and provided with self-firing mechanism. It can be made to explode at a pre-determined depth below the surface of water and has an effective range of about 100 yards ; that is to say, any submerged U-boat within 100 yards of the point of explosion would be completely damaged and her crew would have no prospect other than that of lingering death. All British submarines are now fitted with Davis Escape Apparatus to which many members of the submarine crew owe their lives. This is a sort of oxygen waistcoat and breath-taking outfit combined, which helps a person to rise from a sunken submarine to the surface of water.

One of the early methods used by merchant ships to fight the U-boats is called "ramming" in naval parlance. To "ram" a boat is to run into it at full speed just as a ram attempts to butt a person with his horns. Now, of course, all trading ships carry guns to defend themselves. In 1916, 430 ships carrying food and stores to the Allied countries were sunk in just one month. Destruction on this scale had to be stopped somehow and soon the convoy system of protection was evolved, which considerably reduced mercantile casualties. A group of merchantmen, escorted by destroyers, would keep moving together in some prescribed geometrical formation. The destroyers patrol up and down the sides of the fleet like sentries on duty and have armaments heavy enough to engage any U-boat that dare attack the convoy.

Progress in naval tactics during and since the last war has not been quite one-sided; if means of defence against the U-boats developed enormously, advances in offensive methods were equally rapid, so that the relative position remains more or less unchanged. A good deal of secrecy is maintained by all nations with regard to their submarine design and equipment and hence no attempt can be made to give details of the latest boats.

By the end of the last war three distinct types of submarines were in use. One had the torpedo for its principal weapon; another, called submarine-cruiser, used the gun as its source of destructive power; and the third was employed mainly for laying mines. Nowadays submarines are equipped with one or two anti-aircraft guns and a few of the larger ones are said to carry seaplanes also. Although it is believed that submarines could be used for making poison gas attacks on naval bases, no power would employ it on such a mission for the simple reason that reprisals would follow almost immediately.

Despite the fact that absolutely nothing can be put down to offset destruction and death on the other side of the balance sheet, the submarine is far from having everything her own way. What with depth charges and destroyers and submerged steel nets and mines, she runs the risk of annihilation every day of her most unpleasant life.

S. VENKATRAMAN



MIRZA BABER BAIG
College Captain—1941—42

NAWAB SALAR JUNG BAHADUR.

The Pride of Man

MAN, in pride, oft becomes foolish, thoughtless,
Forgets that He o'er all holds sway,
Who omnipotent is, deathless ;
Belief and trust in whom scares e'en Satan away.

Pride makes Man conceited of that power,
Which he has, thanks to will divine ;
And he proclaims, "Creation is ever,
To subdue, command, or govern, mine, only mine."

God from above views in serene silence,
This sad abuse of sacred rights ;
But takes steps, while Man is in ignorance,
To break his pride, tho' he struggle with all his might.

Oh ! when will Man take wisdom from such falls,
To bow in humility learn,
To the dictates of Him who ever dwells,
In the hearts of those who pride to shun, always yearn.

M. A. SIVA SAMBAN
Senior Intermediate

Winds of Fortune

“Listen with patience reader mine !
A gentle tale of love and pine ;
Soft is the note and sad the line
That touches the core of mine and thine !”

A certain “Academy of Music” was situated on the banks of the holy Ganges. In close proximity to the academy was an orchard, pleasant and sweet, that surpassed the decoration of natural art, even the Arcadian Pride. The academy itself was meant for the gentle refinement of qualities that are indispensable for the creation of harmonies, heavenly sweet.

Chandan Kunvar, still in his teens was a pupil of the same academy. He possessed a graceful figure, handsome features, and an expression of countenance replete with softness and amiability. His voice was full of masculine melody, and when he sang, it sounded like the soothing tunes of the lark at dawn. But by a freak of destiny he was born in a family, destitute and poor. For him there was nothing save hope, and peace in his sweet melody.

Time passed on. The hand of the hour proclaimed seven in the evening. The young artists of the academy were displaying their art to the utmost of their ability. At last came the turn of Chandan, and he began to strike a melting tune, full of glowing imagery. The air vibrated with so delightful a harmony that the listeners’ hearts were filled with rapture and joy.

The lesson ended. The room was vacant. Chandan awoke from his dreamy review. But as he rose, his shirt got entangled in the wedge-like part of his instrument ; a piece came out and he found himself in a confounded pickle. How could he mend it ?

Suddenly a musical voice rang into his ears—"Can I be of any help to you?"

He turned round and to his great surprise his eyes met Prema's—the same girl whom he had helped sometime ago in the art of true music.

Not a single soul had ever spoken to Chandan in such a sweet tone. He was startled. He felt as though he was in Elysium itself.

"Thanks", he said, "What help can you render me? I will presently be at home, and there I will mend it myself."

But she took out her hair-pin and giving it to Chandan said "For the moment help yourself with this pin."

Chandan was puzzled. How dare he use the pin of her soft-silken tresses for his rough and rugged shirt? He could not bear, even the idea of such an act.

Deprived of ornament, Prema's dishevelled golden tresses fell down on her rosy cheeks and blooming forehead. Just as smoky clouds of autumn look bright on the heavens far off, her face was full of expression, simple and sweet.

He accepted the pin. Completely overcome by emotion and the angelic charms of fair Prema, Chandan was unable to express a word of gratitude. She left the room.

He began to reflect—"How lovely she is!" Her tresses were of the precious hue in which auburn resembles light burnished gold. Her large dark eyes, the light of which was neither flashing nor dazzling, were of a lustre that seemed to swim as it were in a soft langour; softening their expression almost to melancholy and reflection, so that they seemed only to contemplate the heavens. Her complexion was spotlessly fair, beautifully transparent, with the polish of marble in it; yet it was not of a dull dead white, nor the opaque paleness which

constitutes inanimation itself. It was the pure, warm, living flesh, most delicately tinted with a pale pink which deepened upon the cheeks into the softest blush of roses. Youth and health lent all their charms to her countenance as well as form. The expression of her face was chastened into a serene and tranquil happiness. In a word if a sculptor or a painter required a model for the delineation of beauty in all its virgin purity and immaculate innocence, Prema would be the object of the statuary's or the limner's choice.

Such were the feelings and sentiments of young Chandan as he came out of the room.

Alas ! Poor Chandan was desperately in love with the one and only daughter of the great millionaire—the well-known Sunder Bose.

It was a fine warm day. Though it was past the middle of October, the trees and plants in the orchard near the academy, presented a majestic spectacle. All was bright, glorious and gay.

Seated on the beautiful lawn, amidst creation's mildest charms was Chandan, pondering over the first phase of love. Alas ! Love had captivated his heart before he was aware of the necessity for resisting it. The past was a dream of which he could give but little account unto himself.

Footsteps sounded on the terrace. He saw Prema coming towards him. She came and with a sweet smile she asked "How are you Mr. Chandan ? Really I know not how to imitate the golden harmony of your glorious voice."

"A thousand thanks for thy kindness !" replied Chandan "—and your pin"—He put his hand in his pocket, but alas, there was nothing "Oh ! I forgot to bring it. Usually it is with me, but unfortunately I always forget to return it and to-day also, I—— I——".

"Mr. Chandan", interrupted Prema with another sweet smile—which playing upon her bright vermillion

lips displayed the teeth that were comparable only to pearls, "what is in that pin to trouble you so much ? You could have given it to your wife as a humble gift of mine !"

"Oh, I am a bachelor" exclaimed Chandan, greatly alarmed.

"Ah ! I forget", said she in a half-suppressed tone. "Good Day"

"Good Day" ! ejaculated Chandan and suddenly he felt something in his breast ; it was the pin.

"Your pin Miss Prema" he shouted. But she was so much astonished at his answer that she was gone and was now passing through the orchard gate.

Chandan was confused. His rapturous eyes were still following her receding form.

Days passed in frequent meetings between the young friends Chandan and Prema. Chandan was a tutor to the young damsel ; and in a few days she learnt all the part of his enchanting music.

The youthful companions were now on terms of friendly intimacy. It is true that friendship and intimacy are not the component parts of love ; but still they frequently prove to be the stepping stones by which the soul advances towards the shrine of softer sentiment.

And so it happened. One day the young friends disclosed their heart secrets to each other, and reaffirmed their love with eternal vows of fidelity and faith.

The youthful lovers were soon well accomplished in their pleasant art. Prema was summoned by her parents to her native town. The next morning she had to depart. It was past midnight and a full moon. Chandan was sitting by the river bank. Suddenly he murmured, "God knows, what is going to happen ?"

"A great change !" responded a voice near him.

He raised his head. "Prema" he exclaimed. She placed herself by the side of Chandan looking more fascinating as well as more strikingly handsome than ever. She was dressed with great simplicity though with exceeding neatness. There was a white rose in her fair tiny hands.

"Chandan!" she slowly began, fixing her large dark eyes on his,—"If life had been stationery, if there had been no thorn in its path, how blessed and happy the world would have been. The changing season—the pangs of separation; Oh, never for a moment, I thought that we would have to face this wretched day!"

"Prema" replied Chandan full of emotion, "who could understand the secret of life? Who knows what difficulties lie in our path?—the paths of poor human beings are linked with their destiny and fate. Sometimes they cross and often are separate.

"Prema!" my heart breaks into pieces when a secret voice whispers into my ears that an unequal love such as ours often results in utter disaster."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Prema, with a somewhat reproachful look, yet one that was full of tenderness "still have you no faith in my love!—my honour!! my sincerity!!!"

"Oh, I have every faith!" cried the enthusiastic youth, "but could it be possible that so much happiness is a reality? or is it all a dream? Tell me dearest—do you really love me?"

"Yes, Chandan," she murmured, "I love you and you only."

And continuing she said "Chandan! You shouldn't be despondent. There is every hope."

"Soon will I acquire my parents' consent—and then Chandan, we will be united for ever; and as regards my love it is like an overflowing stream which knows no break or stop."

In such strains, the lovers continued to discourse for sometime; and when Chandan was separated from his beloved, it was with joy and rapture in his heart—for he knew that he had not vainly nor hopelessly loved the beauteous Prema.

Chandan Kunvar was now a tutor in the Academy and in that capacity he began to earn his livelihood.

Several days passed and still Prema came not. Although, Chandan felt confident of her love, yet her long absence was distracting to that impassioned soul which in loving her, had tasted the springs of a happiness that he had fondly deemed eternal.

Poor soul! He imagined not the steepy mountain that stood between himself and his love.

She was the daughter of an illustrious nobleman and he—a mere musician!

It was the 8th of August. Chandan was greatly pleased to receive a letter from his beloved. She was to stay for a day with him, while passing through the town on the 12th of August.

Hark! The whistle! The train entered the station with a noisy bustle. The charming Prema was peeping out from her compartment. Young Chandan rushed forward. But with a gesture of silence on her lips, she murmured "Chandan! Chandan!"—and then she burst into tears.

A deadly pallor overspread Chandan's countenance. He staggered and for a moment it seemed as if he was about to fall, but suddenly exerting himself with all the energy that remained to him he asked in a low tremulous voice. "Prema, won't you get down?"

With the greatest difficulty she replied, "No, I am married!"

He stood motionless, aghast and pale, as though transfixated to the very spot.

"Chandan!" she proceeded in a low deep voice that was full of pathos as she proffered her hand, "I was forced to do that for which my heart and soul will ever atone—but Chandan, these are worldly ties; why should we care for them?"

There was a pathetic earnestness in her beautiful dark eyes as well as in the liquid tones of her sweet voice; and those beautiful features were a reflex of the faithful sentiments that were stirring in her soul.

Chandan was profoundly touched. He again pleaded "Prema, won't you get down—the train will start."

"Yes," said she—it will, but I can't—my husband is with me."

The signal was given and the train left the platform.

A cry burst from his lips—then faintness suddenly overcame him and deprived him of consciousness. He fell down on the ground—cold and dead!

From the far-off mountains two mournful eyes were still staring at the lifeless form of the unfortunate Chandan!

"Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom".

ASIF
Junior B. A.

Industrialisation in India

IT is said "when mechanization is the order of the day, India still begs of Europe a large variety of articles ranging from tiny pins to motor cars." The sands of time are running out while our country is like a powerless truck, dragged behind the powerful engines of the West. We talk of so many things economical and political, while time demands action. The destructive war of the West has set one foot in India, and nothing constructive has been done in the field of industrial expansion.

The bogey that India is essentially a land of farmers, where industrial possibilities are almost an impossibility has been sufficiently exploded. England has acquired a unique place in the industrial world only during the last two centuries. It was after the Industrial Revolution that it became the workshop of the world.

The reasons for the slow progress of Industrialisation in India are not far to seek. The massive scale of production of the new technique involved large capital, technical knowledge, skilled labour, complicated machinery, imaginative enterprise, political status and its concomitant results. In the absence of any experience of the working of modern methods of production and on account of the insuperable difficulties in the way of picking up technical and trade secrets, little headway could be made. The Famine Commission of 1880 pointed out unerringly the proponderance of agriculture in the economy of the country as the root cause of poverty and degradation of the people. The desirability of industrialisation as a corrective to the excessive dependence on agriculture has been widely felt and voiced. India was not blind to her vast industrial and commercial possibilities. The vast resources of agricultural and industrial wealth, the large and growing internal market, the distance from the industrial centres of the world, availability

of hard-working, efficient and cheap labour, the existence of rich mineral hoards as a possible source of capital—towered so prominently that they could hardly go unnoticed. The speeches made at the first Indian ship-building yard at Vizagpatam recently, revealed to us, how India was once a first class ship-building country. Future historians will apportion the blame for the destruction of this industry.

All the same, progress was very slow until the present century, inspite of the belief that industrialism alone held the cure for the canker of excessive agrarianism; and despite the faith that industry and trade had a bright future before them. The policy of the Government of India up to the last European War was one of cold concern. Not only did it refrain from fostering the growth itself, but it looked with suspicion and disfavour on any plans of non-official bodies or even of provincial governments. This negative policy could be summed up in the words of Lord Morley..... "State funds may be expended upon familiarizing the people with such improvements in the method of production as modern science and the practice of European countries can suggest; further than this, the state should not go and it must be left to private enterprise to demonstrate that these improvements can be adopted with commerical advantage..... State industry will either remain a petty and ineffective plaything or will become a costly and hazardous speculation." The War of 1914-18 laid bare the awkward features of these traditions and marked the beginning of their downfall. The failure of imports to arrive on the scale required, knocked out complacence and induced the Government to enter the industrial arena. Since then, the progress of industry has also been directed and promoted by means of pioneering works, protective tariffs and patronage. With the march of time, more and more inroads have been made into the full-blooded doctrine of free trade. The principal proteges of the Tariff Board have been iron and steel, sericulture, heavy chemicals, gold thread, wire and wire nails. The success of these endowments is reflected in the industrial boom of the twenties, and the sensational development of the steel and sugar industries. Private enterprise naturally takes pride of place in the industrial

domain, in a country steeped in the individualistic tradition of Britain. It is doubtful whether the development of industries would have been what it has been, without the efforts of the British Managing Agents. The industrial magnates of Britain were always opposed to the rise of industries in India, and would have carried the day had not a British interest been formed in India to confront and confound them. By the natural course of events not only was British capital attracted more and more by the high rates of dividends earned, but Indian capital too flowed freely and fertilized industries. When the last war broke out, all that industrial India could boast of, was a few textile factories, some engineering and railway workshops and a handful of rice, oil, flour, and paper mills. The iron industry could be said to be on its feet, while steel was beginning to overcome the initial problems. The Great War imparted a great impetus to Indian industries, by showing up the dangers of reliance on imports and by creating new imperative demands for local goods. And in the course of the present century the industrial revolution has secured a firm foot-hold in India. During the last century, almost the only industries vitalized by power were jute and cotton. The iron and steel industry has since developed from a small beginning to full maturity in the course of a generation and ranks prominently among the Empire's industries. The construction of locomotives in India will afford opportunities for reaching new heights. The growth of the cement industry after the last war is almost a romance. In the last ten years India has established a lead among the sugar producing countries of the world. Considerable progress has been made in the film industry. Among the new industries with a distinct future judged by the progress made by them so far, are, motor assemblage, air-craft production, ship-building, tyres and tubes, soaps, batteries, electric fans and bulbs, plastic materials, canned products, chemicals, beers and alcoholic drinks. The iron industry entered the most significant phase of its development in the second decade of this century. In 1911 The Tata Iron & Steel Company began its production and after the last European War, The Indian Iron & Steel Company and the Mysore Iron Works started making their contributions. The survey of the industry and trade of India undoubtedly

reveals progress. Some have expressed the fear, that too rapid a course of industrialization in India is bound to create a clash with agricultural interests and to have a serious effect on the public revenues and on customs receipts. Industrialization on the contrary may be expected to strengthen the fabric of economic life, to improve the lot of agriculture and to ease the problem of public finance. The diversification of economic pursuits and alternative means of employment, will tend to act as a safe-guard for the agriculturists and there can be properly balanced adjustment between agriculture and industry, only with such development.

The present war has given a fillip to all industrial efforts. More than ever before, the authorities and the intelligentsia have begun to realize the importance of industrialization. The increase in the number of trainees for skilled labour, the introduction of a greater number of workshops, industrial and technical schools, apprenticeship schemes, stipends, engineering colleges, research institutes and specialized institutions, economic enquiries, statistical data, intelligence bureaus and trade publicity offices are indeed pointers in that direction. But there must be men of vision to plan effectively post-war problems of industrial development and make such schemes as will have a permanent adjustment of war-time demands to peace-time needs. While we are engaged in fighting the hydro-headed monster, who is sapping the civilization of Europe, we shall also be directing this industrial trend towards the lasting benefit of mankind by planning out long range enterprises.

B. M. PAREKH

Junior B. A.

The Mysterious Five

IT was a great day when the College Co-operative Society presented its balance sheet. A thrill of joy went through me on looking at the five per cent return. It was not because a few rupees had come my way. I knew, more than any one else, that they would go into the "Great Beyond" sooner than they were able to find me. The reason for my joy was that a figure for which I have a strong predilection, a figure that winds its sedulous way through every warp and woof of life, revealed itself to me. Yes, the figure five has a sentimental value for me. It is a sentiment by itself. To those that deny and deride sentiment, I would only say that they deny and deride the inductive ability of the human mind. In admiring the figure five, I take my stand on the accumulated wisdom of mankind through the ages.

The solid earth in its liquid setting of five oceans is shaped into five continents. The so-called elements in the Universe of the ancient Hindu conception, also numbered five. In the lower order of creation tradition credits a cat with nine lives, while man who crowns it, is given only five. It is best therefore for him to avoid care. Familiarity often leads to oversight. How thankful should we otherwise be to the all-providing nature that has given us not only feet to stand on and hands to work with, but has also provided them with fingers that number five on each hand and foot, which without them would assume a ladle-like monotony and ugliness !

Study the bald 'grace' of your stocking feet and admire it if you can. Nature glorifies herself in a happy mixture of art and utility by violating all canons of stereotyped symmetry. The indentations of the foot with its five unequal toes give us by means of an almost reflex motor action, a grip of Mother Earth. The toes on the

foot are complementary to the vertebral perpendicularity of man and if we go without them we must be shod like horses. Which of the five fingers on the hand would you not have, if you are given an option as in a question paper? Not even the little finger. Each is in its place and all have a purpose. The wise Agrippa might well have told the divided Romans the story of the five fingers instead of the stomach, and the great Drona might as well have asked of Ekalavya any other finger than the thumb to save the reputation of his talented disciple, Arjuna. The fingers of the hand help us to work and to hold and retain the product of work. But for this reason, we would have a finger too many. The six-fingered man is an oddity. To have a bunch of five ready, except to conscientious objectors and believers in non-violence, is safety first in these days of struggle and strife. I sometimes feel that as thought develops, old-fashioned usages in language must be discarded for new ones. Thus 'to be on all fours' represents the meaning for which it was intended. More appropriately it should be 'to be on all fives.' Or again to speak of a fifth wheel in a coach is to put ourselves in the reverse gear in an age of internal combustion engine when automobiles carry five wheels, without which we should first commend ourselves to God and then sit in the car. The better phrase would be 'a sixth finger on a hand'. It is no language that does not keep pace with thought.

When the imagination of man takes its highest flight, it is the figure five that is reached. In the Mahabharata, one of the world's best epics, the theme is woven round the sons of Pandoo, who were five in number. There was a sixth son to their mother but he was divinely bastardized. The Greek epic, so excellently depicted in Homer's Iliad had for its heroes five great men—Menelaus, Agamemnon, Achilles, Ulysses and Paris. It is curious that the names of the immortal authors of these two works should also contain five letters. The sacred books of the ancient Aryans, the Vedas were five in number and the devout Muslim is enjoined by the Prophet to say his prayers five times a day. There is a superstition among the Hindus that a daughter born after five sons brings with her extremely good luck to the family and to herself. The young urchin is initiated into

the intricacies of pot hooks and hangers at the age of five and if possible, on the fifth day of the fifth month of his fifth year. Early rising means waking up at 5 A. M., while At Homes generally mean 5 P. M., the time about which drill classes get finished. In the finals of that king of games, tennis, he who wins the best of five sets is declared a champion. There are five forwards and five backs in the quick and thrilling games of hockey and football.

Jay-walking on an important thoroughfare in Hyderabad, as an immature student of the Honours class, I observed on one occasion a sign-board reading 'Gulam Panjatan, B. A., LL. B., Advocate.' The sweetness of the name resounded within me as I pronounced it to myself again and again. A Sanskrit-knowing friend told me later, that even in Sanskrit Panchtan means five bodies. In Islam, it seems, there are five holy personalities of whom the gentleman in question considers himself a humble servant. I now gather he is in clover for all that. If my memory serves me right, the very first batch of Honours men from the Nizam College, of whom I was one, consisted of five scholars. Fifth Year Honours has a charm about it that sends the heads of its students heavenwards, while their feet still stick in clay. To-day, we are five teachers on the side of History and Economics. An old tradition was broken when the fifth was added sometime back and once again the auspicious figure is touched. We have five working hours in a day and five working days in a week. A sixth arouses self-pity among the students, creates a flutter in professional dove-cotes and is rarely taken in the first instance with any good grace. From the agitation for the ten hour day in the last century, through the Geneva Convention, to the modern Russian system of a five hour day for five days in the week, the industrial worker has reached his paradise. The only figure with a dash about its head, small but not too small to be useless, big but not too big to be dangerous, odd, but functioning evenly, it has so wormed itself into the hearts of constitution makers and socio-economic reformers that the life of legislative assemblies, of executive heads and of national planning schemes, is usually reckoned in terms of five. It has taken the sting away from the statement—"power cor-

rupts and great power corrupts greatly." With all and sundry therefore, five is a favourite.

This obtrusive figure has left its impress even on the sordid mind of the financier. Other things equal, the five rupee note in India or the 'fiver' in England is the most popular denomination in paper currency. A five per cent return on investment has always been taken to reflect the norm of financial rectitude and solvency. A distinguished American publicist describes the Englishman's God as being 'goodness, justice, love, mercy and a five per cent return on a sound investment.' The student of Indian railway finance knows that the guaranteed rate of interest was a euphemism for the five per cent and that it was this figure that made the Government of India's budget a gamble in railways instead of a gamble in rains. The 'Big Five' in England, the great joint-stock banks, support and work in close co-operation with the 'Old Lady of Threadneedle Street' to keep her sturdy and sinewy. Between finance and romance there is very little in common, except probably the thrill of it and that is enough for five to bridge the gulf. Arnold Bennet therefore advises 'Make love to every woman you meet. If you get a five per cent return on outlay, it's a good investment.'

Having floored finance, it spreads its magic circle round governments. In France, the Three Estates, the nobles the clergy and the third Estate (tiers état) remained separate down to 1789. In England the Three Estates of the Realm are the Lords Spiritual, the Lords Temporal and the Commons. Over all these, the Press has come to wield such great influence that it is humorously referred to as the Fourth Estate. The latest is necessarily of our number, the Fifth Estate, by which I mean Broadcasting. As it transcends the limits of space and time, it has potentialities for immense good or evil. In hectic times like these, it can by means of innuendo, repetition, suggestion, suppression, exaggeration and colourful presentation, create a sixth sense, which is difficult to name because it is more a complex, that by stifling our ability to appreciate true values, makes us mistake the unreal for the real. The product is the Fifth Column, which as every one knows has been a deciding

factor in the several successful campaigns that stand to Germany's credit in the present war. Thus the 'Chaturanga' or the four arms of the army that the war lords have known so far and that we in this country have reduced to the sportful dimensions of chess-board, is expanded into the 'Panchanga' or the five arms of war.

I have rapidly surveyed from China to Peru to draw support to a sentiment that is peculiarly mine and which I shall be glad to see infecting others. To the doubting Thomas, here is my secret weapon that will make him take up the cudgels. Shakespeare was grievously wrong when he numbered the stages of man seven. At best he could have argued on a functional basis. Physically and psychologically the stages of man's growth are five-childhood, boyhood, youth, manhood and old age. Some where in the third stage, dear male student of the Nizam College, take it from me, Cupid will have exhausted on you all his arrows that are again five. Then there can be no escape for you.

B. V. RAMA NARSU

Marvels of Photography

THE uses of a camera are by no means limited to taking photographs of your friends in the garden or at a picnic. Industry, medicine, science, crime-detection and entertainment have all derived immense benefits from the achievements of the camera.

In performing certain tasks, such as sticking labels on cigarette tins, workmen make all sorts of unnecessary movements which are wasteful of time and energy. By photographing a person at work with a light attached to his hand, a record of every one of his movements is obtained. The course followed by the workman's hand appears as a bright line on the photographs and a study of these photographs makes it possible to eliminate all unnecessary movements. As a consequence of this novel research, the manufacturer is able to earn more money by increasing his daily output.

In certain libraries, great economy in space is effected by the substitution of "film books" for ordinary books. The pages of these books are strips of photographic film on which the printed matter and illustrations are copied by means of a camera. 32,000 words, equivalent to about 80 pages of a book of octavo size, will occupy no more than three square inches of the film. In Russia, even village schools are supplied with a very large number of film books, the pages of which can be projected on a screen during the lesson. Normally, magnifying glasses are used in reading these books.

A recent application of photography to medicine has been made in connection with an instrument called the Intra-gastric camera. This is a tiny camera, less than $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in width, which when swallowed will take photographs of the interior of a patient's stomach! This camera is cylindrical in shape, divided into two parts by

TRUNG

a chamber containing a tungsten ore, which when discharged produces a brilliant flash of 1/10,000th of a second duration. In this light, sixteen pictures of the inside of the stomach are obtained through pin-holes on the surface of the cylinder.

Machine-gunned of the Royal Air Force, undergoing training in marksmanship, shoot their targets with cameras instead of bullets! This method, while making them good marksmen, avoids wastage of bullets and damage to life and property.

Aerial photography is an invaluable aid to the cartographer. An aeroplane is made to fly backwards and forwards over an area that is to be mapped, the motion of the aeroplane being controlled by directional wireless from the ground. A number of pictures covering different overlapping sections of the area are obtained by means of a special camera, which automatically records the height and position of the plane and the time of taking the photograph. These, when pieced together, form an enormous map of the area. Thus an aerial camera does in a few minutes what surveyors would have taken weeks to do.

Experience in interpreting photographs taken from the air has shown that vegetation on the ground which has at any time been disturbed, is of a lighter hue than that on undisturbed land. Thus, aerial photographs of a certain part of Malta have revealed an ancient cart road four feet eight inches in width. Similar photographs of a barley field in England have revealed an old Roman town, complete with the foundations of some buildings, roads and drainage. The camera has thus aided archaeological research also. Aerial photography is the method that is usually employed now, for detecting underground tunnels.

Objects around us have an appearance of solidity because we look at them with two eyes, each of which has a slightly different viewpoint. These images are simultaneously received by the brain, which fuses them together as one picture with depth and solidarity. An ordinary photograph is two-dimensional, that is to say, it lacks depth or relief.

A special camera, called a stereoscopic camera, having two lenses side by side and the same distance apart as the human eyes, takes two photographs, the lens on the left giving a picture that the left eye will see and the lens on the right giving the picture that will be visible to the right eye. If this pair of pictures is viewed by means of a stereoscope, an instrument which enables the right eye to see the picture produced by the lens on the right hand side of the camera, and the left eye to see the picture produced by the lens on the left hand side of the camera, the impression of a single picture with depth is produced.

Such stereoscopic pictures are of considerable value in industry, surgery and scientific research. The manufacturers of complicated machinery supply stereoscopic photographs showing the appearance of the plant at various stages of erection. Mechanics, responsible for the setting up of the plant, view these photographs through a stereoscope and obtain a clearer idea of the way in which the parts are to be assembled. Stereoscopic x-ray photographs will enable a surgeon to locate the position of a malignant growth or a foreign substance in a patient's body.

The further away an object is, the less stereoscopic it appears. The moon is about 2,40,000 miles from the earth and hence looks like a flat disc instead of a solid ball. Nevertheless stereoscopic photographs of the moon have been taken by photographing it at intervals of four hours. As the earth rotates on its own axis, one of these pictures will contain more of the right-hand surface (and less of the left-hand surface) of the moon than the other. These pictures form, as it were, the right and left eye views of the moon, and give the impression of solidity when seen through a stereoscope.

Photography in the infra-red, ultra-violet and x-rays is extremely useful in crime detection and medicine. These light radiations are invisible, but photographs can be taken in these lights. Infra-red rays possess the property of penetrating through haze and mist and many dark-looking objects. Infra-red photography is helpful in the diagnosis of certain diseases

which are accompanied by the changes in the size of the veins. In crime detection infra-red photography is used in reading the contents of a letter without opening the envelope, in reading papers deliberately charred by fire and in the examination of documents for erasures.

Ultra-violet photography is useful to the criminologist in disclosing the use of chemical eradicators on documents, for the detection of blood stains on clothing from which they have been washed out and fraudulent interpolation in documents.

In America, several banks and jewellery stores have cameras concealed at strategic points in the lattice-work. In case of a hold-up, these can be set to work in a number of ways without attracting the attention of the bandits. Each camera will work for twelve minutes, at the rate of four exposures per minute. Thus a number of pictures of the hold-up will be obtained from various angles. These pictures have often been the means of securing conviction of the bandits.

Photography covers a very wide field, and here it has been possible to indicate only a few of its more outstanding applications. Not a month passes without a new use for the camera being reported.

K. RAMANATHAN
Senior Intermediate

Nationalism—A Curse to Civilization

“FROM Humanity through Nationality to Bestiality”—so suggested Franz Grillparzer as an order of sequence; alas! it looks as if it will shortly—if it hasn't already—come to pass. For, nationalism of the modern type which is not merely an economic and political but also a cultural and a social conception, has spelt greater disaster and ruin to humanity than any other force. The so-called connecting link between the individual and humanity, the freer of man both from individual selfishness and colourless cosmopolitanism, the great spiritual possession, the salvation of humanity, the prerequisite of true internationalism, and what not! has at last proved to be the greatest curse to humanity.

Nationalism, the “proud and boastful habit of mind about one's own nation, accompanied by a supercilious or hostile attitude towards other nations,” frequently cultivates the frame of mind which says, “my country, right or wrong.” Not being conducive to the spirit of “live and let live,” it persecutes minorities. The persecution of Jews in Germany, the ill-treatment of Negroes in the United States, of Indians in South Africa, and of linguistic, racial and religious minorities elsewhere, have their essential reason in the spirit of nationalism. Nationalism breeds intolerance and cultivates a spirit of exclusiveness, narrowness and antagonism. It fosters racial pride and arrogance, and wounds the feelings of others. It is not favourable to an impartial and scientific study of other peoples, their culture and institutions. The fact that socialism, communism, syndicalism and pacifism are essentially of foreign origin, is enough to condemn them in the eyes of most American and British people.

Nationalism has in practice become, as Shillito says “Man's other religion.” It has its own gods, patron

saints, priesthood, creeds and rituals. It has more devout followers than almost any living religion. Not only has it become "man's other religion," it has also led to war and militarism. It arouses and sustains the war-spirit. In the name of national interests, national honour, and national policy, millions of lives and billions of treasure have been wasted. A careful analysis of the so-called national wars reveals the fact that many of these wars were really fought on behalf of some interested group or other in the country, such as the investors of capital in foreign lands, owners of "infant industries" which receive protection, private manufacturers of armaments and others. Military traditions and ideals are extolled by nationalism. It is interesting to find as Hayes points out, that "professional militarists are invariably rampant nationalists."

As an ally of militarism, Nationalism sooner or later leads to imperialism of the exploiting kind. There are few instances of a country having attained independence and unity, stopping short and not proceeding to exploit other countries. In fact, it has been, as Hayes remarks, a most devoted help-mate to imperialism in England, France, U.S.A., Germany, Italy and Japan. To Dr. Rabindranath Tagore, nationalism in its actual working is nothing but an "organised self-interest of a whole people," "the organisation of politics and commerce for selfish ends," and "that aspect which a whole population assumes when organised for a mechanical purpose."

Nationalism leads to the hatred of the foreigner and to competition. It sets up irritating tariff walls and humiliating racial distinctions. Aggressive nationalities rouse the resentment of weaker nationalities sometimes stinging them to action. Vexing restrictions are placed on the freedom of movement of foreigners. The spirit of nationalism arouses rivalry and mutual jealousy among different states. In other words, it makes it possible for the ruler of a state to pray, as one is supposed to have done, "O God, strike all my people blind of one eye!" in response to the promise given to him by an angel that he could have whatever he wanted for his people, on condition that the people of the neighbouring rival states got double the share.

Moreover, nationalism is not always friendly to international movements. An international faith like Catholicism has not always had a smooth sailing in nationalist states. In the failure of the League of Nations too, the spirit of nationalism among the major member states provides a potent reason.

The present war, in addition to being a clash of ideologies is the result of the conflicting and ambitious spirits of nationalism of the leading European states. The menace of Fascism too has grown on the fertile soil of nationalism. National education, compulsory military training, journalism, and controlled press and propaganda, have intensified the blind, flag-worshipping kind of nationalism in Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany. If the world is to remain in peace in future, not only ought the Fascist states, the manifestations of aggressive nationalism, to be defeated in this war, but the democracies too should curb their nationalist spirit. Nationalism, it is true, as a long and historical process cannot be undone. It is instinctive. We cannot destroy it any more than we can destroy the instinct of man. But it certainly can be modified to allow for the growth of an abiding spirit of internationalism which is absolutely essential for future world peace. Will humanity do it for its own sake ?

FARIDUDDIN AHMED

Honours IV

The Wintry Wind

BLOW, ye cruel wintry wind blow.
Blow on louder with whistle and roar,
When I, in pensive mood will gaze
On the flying fog from far below.

O ye bitter gales out of the west,
That leave everything cold and dead—
The mistry wind ascending the crest,
Makes its way where'er it's led.

O ye wet wind and dying gales,
Wherfrom do you come ?
Ye give us merry ale,
Amidst joys, laughter and hum.

With a sheep blanket to cover,
Little will I care,
How long ye may hover,
But—ha ! it's cruel and unfair !

On such nights we are feign to sing,
The heart and brain together flow,
In many a tune of countless things,
Of present and of long ago.

MISS SHEROO S. ENGINEER

Sacrifice

THERE lived a Zamindar by the name of Himmath Singh who was the owner of the village situated on the side of the beautiful river Ganges. His joy and pride was his only sister Ratanprabha who was a veritable vision of delight. Her charms were indescribable. Her bewitching beauty was an object of admiration for all who beheld her. She was of a highly religious bent of mind, and her ideals were the ideals of a truly noble spirit.

One day Ratanprabha was bathing along with her friends on the riverside. She fell a victim to the sight of one Jorawar Singh, the Subadar of the province, who was out on a boating trip with his friends on the same river. He determined there and then to make Ratanprabha his own bride at any cost, and inquired who the beautiful maiden was. He found out that she was the sister of Himmath Singh the Zamindar.

At that time, the Subadar's influence and power in the province were unbounded. Whatever he desired must be fulfilled—so indomitable was his will.

While Ratanprabha was preparing to go home after her bathe, the Subadar sent word to her that she should not leave the place till her brother Himmath Singh, who had been sent for by him had appeared on the scene. Poor maiden ! she did not know why she was detained. She remained there trembling from head to foot not knowing what her fault was.

In the meanwhile Himmath Singh came and asked the Subadar why he was sent for.

"I have not seen one fairer than your sister and I want you to give her to me in marriage. If you agree

to what I say, I am prepared to give you five hundred ashrafis and make a grant of another village."

Himmath Singh went red on hearing this. He was a true Rajput. He could not bear to think of one lower in caste than himself speaking thus of his sister.

"Sir! Are you aware of what you are saying and whom you are addressing? Remember that a true Rajput lady marries not one of a lower breed, but only a Kshatriya. You must be a villain to say such a thing about my sister."

"Well then, if you agree not, you must be prepared to take the consequences," shouted out the Subadar with his eyes full of rage. And he commanded his followers to handcuff Himmath Singh and to put him in a prison cell.

While all this was taking place, Ratanprabha ran home with her friends and informed her sister-in-law, Himmath Singh's wife, of all that had happened. There was no limit to the latter's despair and wailing, and she began to curse Ratanprabha and said that her accursed beauty was the cause of her brother's downfall.

Poor Ratanprabha! she was now in double despair. On the one side, was her beloved brother imprisoned for her sake, and on the other were the taunts and curses of her sister-in-law who firmly believed Ratanprabha to be the cause of all this trouble. What was she to do? She was in an awful fix. Yet she was a Rajput after all. Would she give way to despair and sit with folded hands? Never! Never!! Pure Kshatriya blood ran in her veins. She was so brave. What would she not do to get her beloved brother free? Yes, she must think of some plan, some device to put an end to all this. "Dear sister, worry not, I am a true Rajput and will never allow any disgrace to fall upon our family pride. Nor will I make you suffer any longer through the absence of my beloved brother from home. I have faith in God. He will be my guide. I will soon rescue him from prison."

Soon she hurried back to the riverside. There

she saw the Subadar's boat still sailing in the smooth waters. Humbly she saluted the villain and said in tones sweeter than silver bells "Subadar Saheb, why do you feel so disappointed? I am willing to be your bride. Oh! how very fortunate I must be, to be your partner in life! Set my brother free. Send for my wedding clothes of gold and silver bedecked with the most valuable jewels as your gift to me. I shall accompany you to your home to be your bride."

The demon's joy knew no bounds. He was head over heels in love with the beautiful maiden. Immediately he ordered a most beautiful palanquin. The loveliest robes and the most valuable jewels were all brought in.

Ratanprabha, like the brave maiden she was, but with despair raging in her heart, bedecked herself with the wedding garments and jewels and took her seat in the palanquin with a dignity and grace befitting a queen. The Subadar was riding beside the palanquin, dreaming sweet dreams of his future happiness.

Hardly had the palanquin proceeded a couple of miles, when Ratanprabha perceived a beautiful pond which her own father had built for the wayfarers to slake their thirst. At once she ordered the procession to stop and the Subadar impatiently asked her the reason for this abrupt command.

"I am feeling very thirsty," she said in a firm and steady tone. The Subadar fetched a golden vessel for his bride to drink the water from. But Ratanprabha refused to take it saying "as soon as I reach your home, I shall always have to drink water from that precious vessel. Allow me, therefore, for the last time to drink water with my own hands from my father's pond. In my childhood I have played many a time by the pond and when shall I get the opportunity of coming back here again?"

She bowed to the Sun God, and addressing the Sea Goddess said a short prayer, "I come to thee, Goddess, to save my family's pride and reputation. This villain,

who is all powerful, will harass my beloved brother and bring our family to utter ruin. The best course for me then is to offer myself to thy holy waters and set my brother free, and teach the villain a lesson." So saying, and with prayer still on her lips, she plunged herself into the waters of the pond.

The Subadar was too deeply engrossed in his dreams to understand the trick played upon him by this brave maiden; but the heavy splash in the water woke him up from his torpor and he saw the maiden coming up twice and disappearing entirely for the third time. All was over. It was too late now for the Subadar to get back his bride. He called his men and searched for the body but the attempt was futile.

When the sad news was taken to the brother, he came to the pond and had a search made. The body was found this time and the face reflected a beauty unperceived on any living face. With tears in his eyes, and words full of admiration for the brave sacrifice of his dear sister, Himmath Sing prepared the funeral pyre of Ratanprabha and had a beautiful temple built there to commemorate the memory of so noble a sister.

Miss N. D. TALATI

Junior B. A.

393

N/ 680

Tagore

THE recent death of Tagore, has cast a gloom not only over India but all over the rest of the world. He died at the age of 81; and few people for the last half century have been able to think of India without the poet, her most illustrious son. Even at the moment of death, Mother India is proud of one of the greatest and noblest of her progeny, and proud too, of a memory that will never be effaced. His name is known to the educated all over the world—from Japan to Scandinavia and from Moscow to Buenos Aires. In his own country he is venerated as a poet and philosopher in the traditions of the ancient *rishis*. By circumstance, as by talent, he was blessed in plenitude; and as Keyserling has said, he is “the most universal, the most encompassing, the most complete human being I have known.”

It is an adage in Bengali that Saraswati and Laxmi, will not go together, but we find in Tagore's family an exception. The Tagores are one of the first families of Bengal which has supplied India with an astonishing galaxy of talent. Dwinjendranath, the poet's elder brother, was a philosopher and essayist of distinction, while Jyotirindra, another brother was an artist who earned the praise of such discerning critics as William Rothenstein. A third brother was the first Indian to enter the Civil Service. Abanindranath and Gaganindranath the poet's nephews, were artists of international renown. Recent and contemporary art in India owes an incalculable debt to them. Tagore lost his mother when he was about a year old and was brought up by trusted servants who play such a significant, if inconspicuous, role in aristocratic Indian households. In his schooldays, he showed as little enthusiasm for private lessons, as for the more formal discipline of the classroom. His mind was at once too eager and too sensitive to fall readily into conventional ruts. Like Buddha, he

spent his time in villages around Calcutta, making his first acquaintance with the lush fields, the drifting sails and the simple peasant folk of rural Bengal. It was from his early years that the passion for poetry burned within him; and he used to read verses from Kabir and Vidyapathi. His father, finding in him this passion for poetry and learning, sent him to England for higher studies. Travel did not interrupt his literary output. He had begun to write verses almost as soon as he could walk; and he had his first work printed when he was only fifteen.

Tagore passed through a moment of mystical illumination, in his early twenties. He writes in his reminiscences "One morning, I happened to be standing on the verandah. The sun was just rising, through the leafy tops of those trees. As I continued to gaze, all of a sudden a covering seemed to fall away from my eyes, and I found the world bathed in a wonderful radiance, with waves of beauty and joy swelling on every side. This radiance pierced in a moment through the folds of sadness and dependency which accumulated over my heart, and flooded it with this universal light."

'Nature's Revenge,' his first drama, was a picture of one of the main thoughts of all his life—the joy of attaining the infinite within the finite. In December 1883 he married Mrinalini Devi at Calcutta. Afterwards he wrote 'Manasi', his first fully mature work, followed by 'Sadhana,' and 'Chitrangada,' which are unsurpassable of their kinds. The next few years brought to the poet great grief. His wife died in November 1902. Soon after, his second daughter succumbed to consumption. In 1905, his revered father, Devendranath, passed away. These successive bereavements had a profound effect, which was reflected in his later poetry. 'Gitanjali,' the best known but by no means the greatest of his poetical works, was translated into English; and when it secured the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1913, proved a revelation to Europe and held great promise for India. Then followed a constant stream of production from his perennial fountain—poetry, novel, drama, short stories, essays and biographies like 'The Gardener,' 'The Crescent

Moon,' 'The Cycle of Spring,' 'The Home and The World' and 'The Balaka.'

Tagore the poet is the harbinger of a literary renaissance which continues to struggle and experiment, and marks a distinct epoch in the intellectual life of the country. Shantiniketan, is the most enduring memorial of the time. This world famous school situated two miles away from Bholpur, where the poet used to repair for communion with Nature, was founded in 1901. Here he hoped to recapture the meditative calm of ancient India and to provide an environment where the mind of the young might expand into beauty and love of God.

Tagore's literary achievement is illimitable. He was not only a poet, playwright and novelist, but a musician, actor, painter, composer, philosopher, journalist, teacher, orator, and a host of other things—and he distinguished himself in each and every department of activity. There is no more versatile, prolific, and gifted genius in history. He, of all men of this generation came nearest to the mould and the ideal of manhood. The world had produced poets; it had produced musicians. But perhaps Tagore was the only one who was at once a poet and a musician. Above all, he was a patriot born to inspire a great nation and to kindle the flame of freedom in a seemingly dead people.

“Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high :
Where knowledge is free :
Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls,
Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection :
Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit ;
Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever widening thought and action—
Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake.”

His love of country is further glorified in the words of

Sir C. P. Ray, who says "Rabindranath's worship of the motherland did not exhaust itself by mere sentimental effusions over her natural beauties or her glorious past—his patriotism has a more virile and constructive aspect."

As for his mind and character he stood above his countrymen commanding respect and admiration not only from Indians, but from the world at large. Whatever he said inspired humanity; his words were prophetic. If he is in a line with Kalidasa on the one hand, on the other, he followed the canons of Kabir and Omar Khayyam. His idealism found expression in Visvabharati, India's cultural centre. By his death, Tagore has not vanished entirely from our minds. His spirit still lives and will continue to live for ages to come—for, it is immortal.

"Guru Deo ! Your voice is hushed.
 But your word is not.
Rabindro ! Your mortal frame is gone
 But not the immortal picture;
Oh ! The poet never dies
As you said, he leaves one breast
 Of the mother to empty the other."

SWAMYCHARAN SINGH
Junior B. A.

Hydroponics

AT one time Great Britain was one of the richest agricultural countries in the world. Before the Industrial Revolution brought thousands from the villages to the towns and the coming of the railroad, English people were dependent entirely on their own farmers for their daily produce, meat, fruit and vegetables. But to-day, the English farmer is not in a position to supply the needs of even a small fraction of the population. Before the present war, approximately 50,000 tons of food was reaching England every day from over the seas; that is to say, 2½ lbs. of food per day per head of the population came from abroad.

Much of the space that was formerly utilized for wheat and vegetable growing and as pastures for cattle, is now occupied by factories and houses. Steamships and railways and modern methods of scientific refrigeration have made the transport of most perishable of food-stuffs from one end of the earth to another, possible. But from the commencement of the present war in September 1939, owing to serious restrictions in transport facilities and enemy action that is by no means ineffective, import of food supplies has become so difficult that food and even clothing are now rationed in England.

An Englishman can no more boast of having brought to his back door "a farm and garden world-wide in size." He is to-day driven to the necessity of utilizing every plot of vacant ground available in the country,—play-grounds attached to schools, extensive lawns in parks and gardens, and even his cricket-fields—for growing vegetables and fruits.

One of our most trite sayings asserts that necessity is the mother of invention. Inadequate supplies of fruits and vegetables in the country and the exorbitant cost at

which the little that is available could be purchased, has resulted in the adoption, especially by the town dwellers, of "hydroponics" or the methods of growing vegetables in water instead of in soil.

• The idea of growing plants in water containing nutrient chemicals is not quite new; this method has been in use for nearly 100 years now, in all botanical laboratories for the study of plant reactions to different chemicals. The method of water culture of plants is as follows. A flat shallow wooden tank, 3 ft. x 2 ft. x 6 in., has water to a depth of 3 to 4 inches. Nutrient chemicals are dissolved in this water. The top of this tank is fitted with a frame covered with coarse wire netting. On the netting, wood, wool and moss are spread and seeds are sown in the moss. When roots form, they spread downwards to the water in the tank and obtain the nutriment necessary for the growth of the plant.

Prof. Gericke of the University of California, has grown on a commercial scale tomatoes, potatoes, corn, beans, gladioli, begonias, and a number of other vegetables and flowers in such shallow tanks. An acre of tanks yields 217 tons of tomatoes. For an acre of soil 5 tons is considered a good average. About 25 square feet of tanks yield 100 cantaloupes, a variety of musk-melon. This is about 20 times the yield from soil. As regards potatoes, the yield per tank acre is about 2,500 pounds.

By introducing colouring matter into the water in the tanks it is possible to tint the vegetables and fruits at will. Deep red tomatoes, fetching a higher price than the ordinary pale ones, have been produced by this method. As the quality and quantity of chemicals added to the tanks is well under control, this new method of raising plants without soil, yields vegetables and fruits that are particularly rich in vitamins.

One can easily see several advantages in this new science of "hydroponics." It requires no ploughing and plodding over acres of ground. No time is spent in weeding and watering. There is no fear of harvest failing due to drought or floods, locusts or disease, and hail or storm.

It is too early to foretell what effect hydroponics will have on soil agriculture and land values, when it comes to be used extensively. It bids fair to become a profitable hobby to all amateur gardeners and town dwellers who value fresh vegetables and fruits. It is possible that in another decade or two, tenants in towns will learn to appreciate cement tanks, with drainage outlets, for water-culture on their roof tops, better than a vacant space at the back or front of the house for a small garden.

W. PATTABHI RAM RAO

Senior B. Sc.

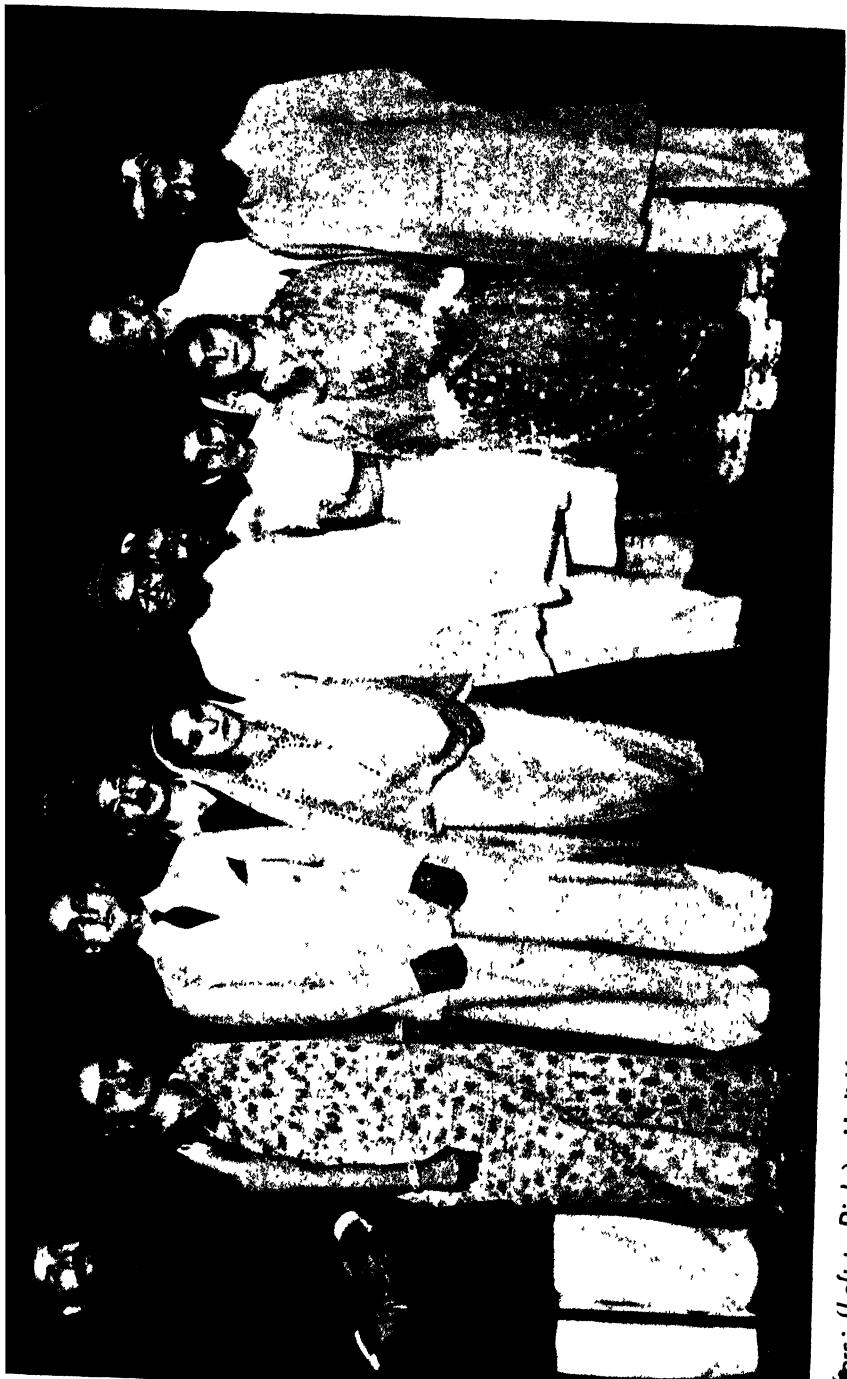


PLATE JUNG BAHADUR
Aches: (Left to Right)—Hadi Hasan, Miss D. Nundy, Syed Farkhunda Ali Khan,
Syed Hameed Albar, Miss C. R.

Henry VIII and Lady Anne Boleyn

SCENE I

Henry VIII's Palace

Enter Henry unattended

Henry. Surely a curse is upon me—I married the widow of my dead brother!—I had a son and high flew my hopes that he would succeed me—But alas! my darling son died in a month. Even so was the end of all my children; only that little girl, that good-for-nothing Mary survives. O curse, loud and deep! Anyone here?

Gentleman-in-waiting. Here at your service, Your Majesty.

Henry. Call Wolsey in. (exit Gentleman-in-waiting) Anne, my most beloved Anne, how I love thee—how my heart's music is thrilling for thee! O my Love, when shall I get rid of this cursed woman and make you my Queen!

Enter Wolsey

Wolsey. Your Majesty's order.

Henry. My Lord Cardinal, I am sick of Her Majesty. In our married life of three long years she has brought nothing but ill-luck. Induce the Pope to declare our union null and void—say she cannot be my wife. She was married to my brother first; on his death I had his widow for my Queen! Shame! How does the world go? Can a brother-in-law become the husband?

Wolsey. In sooth, the fact is, your Grace, the marriage

was not blessed by God though it was sanctioned by the Pope.

Henry. That's it. I thought as much—But while inducing the Pope, forget not to hint—hint that I was married in my minority.

Wolsey. I shall do my utmost for my Lord and King. Indeed a Spanish alliance can do no good to our country.

Henry. Her Spanish views and her own desires have plagued me to the very core.

Wolsey. Sir it is high time that England should seek the friendship—nay the relationship of France. Deep lies the future of our island therein.

Henry. Away with you then. It is no time to talk. Hurry the divorce—My feelings for Lady Anne Boleyn run high.

(exeunt)

SCENE II

In the Legatine court

Enter Wolsey, now made Cardinal Legate

Wolsey. What means the King? Marry Anne Boleyn the Lady of the court, that ambitious woman who swears she will be queen or nothing? Nay, this shall not take place—It will do no good to our country or people. I will approach the French King and negotiate on matters of a French alliance.

Enter Attendant

Attendant. The delegates have arrived.

Wolsey. Show them in. (exit Attendant)

Enter Campeggio and others

Members. Good day, Sir Legate!

Wolsey. Good day everybody ! Let us be seated and see how matters stand.

A Member. The trial is over and the verdict is expected in July.

Campeggio. Nay my good Lord Cardinal, it is postponed till September.

Wolsey. O, I see, the Pope is again at his tricks. The King will be furious when he hears of the delay.

Campeggio. The Pope has his own reasons.

Wolsey. Well, this leaves not much for our meeting. Let us inform the King.

(*exeunt*)

SCENE III

Henry in his court. Enter a messenger.

Messenger. Your Majesty, it is announced that the sitting will take two more months for the verdict.

Henry. What ? Am I to be humiliated by the so-called Pope, betrayed like a woman and treated like a child ? What means this Wolsey, the traitor heart ? I will have none of his shrewdness. I command thee at present to throw him into the prison where death shall be more merciful than myself.

(*exeunt all, except Cranmer*)

Henry. Thomas Cranmer, what can be done ?

Cranmer. If it please Your Majesty, I shall appeal to the learned doctors of the universities.

Henry. Ay, and ask them, do the laws of God allow a man to marry his brother's widow ?

Cranmer. Right my Liege. I—————.

Henry. Well listen, bribe them if necessary.

Cranmer. I shall carry out Your Majesty's wishes to the end. When I was in Italy, I saw the rotten state of the Church, the notorious behaviour of the Pope, and the impious cardinals with their vulgar doctrines. Well, I shall let it be known to the world, and your Majesty shall see how it will work.

Henry. Be off and play thy part.

Cranmer. The monasteries shall be laid flat, and the Pope and his train shall follow suit.

(exit)

Henry. He has got the right son by the ears. By Jove, now I shall have my Anne. O Anne, my sad eyes roam in quest of thee—Thou art my vision in the day, and my dream in the night—

Enter Anne

Anne. So please my Lord, may I come in ?

Henry. How now, has my vision taken shape ? Has my dream proved true ? Anne, my sweet Anne—come, O come in my arms, Bliss, and let me warm thee with panting kiss on kiss !

Anne. My Lord, I am here to learn the truth.

Henry. Truth ? What truth ?

Anne. I—I m-e-a-n—I mean, is Her Majesty set free from the bonds of marriage ?

Henry. Aye, my Love.

Anne. Pcor Queen !

Henry. What ? Is this the time to pity or ponder ? Think, O think of happier things—as love and laughter.

Anne. She is innocent.

Henry. Tut. Here, let me slip the ring on you.

Anne. But—

Henry. Hush, none of that. Come let us stand "Before
the altar hand in hand, Thyself the bride, the
bridegroom I."

(exeunt)

MISS D. MEHTA

Senior Intermediate

Ajanta

THE caves of Ajanta are situated on the north-western frontier of the Dominions of H. E. H. The Nizam, 45 miles north of Aurangabad, which is the Division head-quarters of the Subah. There are 29 cave temples in all, hewn out of solid pieces of living rock. They were cut, carved and painted at different times, during a period of over 800 years, extending from the 2nd century B.C. to the 7th century A. D.

The beauty and charm of Ajanta are absolutely marvellous. The Buddhist monk could not have selected a more appropriate place for his meditations. It is a quiet and secluded spot, away from the din and bustle of the world. There is a lovely valley through which runs the stream of Waghora, which becomes a mighty torrent in the monsoon. Along the valley are high cliffs and the caves have been cut into a semi-circular scarp of rock, 150 ft. high. From a distance, these caves appear like a succession of pillared verandahs. From the rock just opposite cave No. 16, which was probably the ancient entrance to the caves, a crescent sweep unfolds the panoramic grandeur of the series of temples and monasteries.

All the caves at Ajanta have been excavated solely for the religious needs of Buddhism. The main caves are of two kinds—Viharas and Chaityas. The Viharas are spacious halls, usually intended for the residence of monks. The Chaityas or cathedrals contained the relics of Buddha and were used for common worship.

Caves 1 and 2 belong to the period from the third to the sixth century A.D., the period of Mahayana Buddhism. Cave 1 is considered architecturally to be the finest Vihara among the rock-cut temples of India. Its facade is elaborately decorated with sculpture. We

enter a great hall, sixty-four feet square. All the walls and the ceiling were once adorned with paintings. Some of these paintings have acquired world-wide fame. A bacchanalian scene has been identified by some, as that of Prince Khusru II and his beautiful wife Shirin. This view is based on the information given by the historian Tabari, that the fame of the king of the Deccan, Pulakesin II spread beyond the limits of India and reached the ears of Khusru, king of Persia. An embassy was sent to him by Pulakesin in 625 A. D. and a return embassy was sent from Persia, about 630 A. D. This view is now regarded as untenable. The painting is said to be of a much later date and the figures represent foreigners that came to India in large numbers and embraced Buddhism.

This cave contains the painting of the great Bodhisatva Padmapani, which is considered to be the finest expression of Indian art. Padmapani, the lotus-handed, is one of the divine Bodhisatvas. He is affiliated to the Dhyani Buddha, Amitabha and the Sakbi Pandari.

In its present condition, the height of the figure is 5 ft. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., from crown to a little below the knee. To the left of the Bodhisatva, is the dark princess. Behind them is a female chauri-bearer. The background of the picture shows much vivacity. "The restraint and austerity expressed in the figure of the Bodhisatva and that of his royal consort are delightfully balanced by the mirth and glee of the animal world and the heavenly beings, and the rhythm of this spiritual theme obtains additional grace by a tasteful contrast of colours, the pale green of the foliage merging into the scarlet of the belts of hills and the fresh blues of the bird's feathers and the drapery and jewellery enlivening the dull flesh tints.....The name and history of the artist who painted this wonderful subject will never be known but the fading fresco as long as it survives, will tell the story of the genius and skill of its author in most eloquent terms".

Cave 2 is also a Vihara. The pillars of its verandah are richly carved. The ceiling and the walls of the verandah are beautifully painted. One of the paintings

illustrates the story of the Bodhisatva as a Ksantivadi, the preacher of patience. An angry king cuts off the hermit's limbs one by one. The hermit never lost his composure and blessed him, instead of cursing him. The inscription on the painting runs as follows:— "And the joy which he experienced from giving, left no space for feeling of pain caused by cutting and continually prevented his mind from being plunged into grief."

Cave 4 is the largest of the Viharas in the whole series of Ajanta caves. Its colonnade in the verandah is plain and simple. The interior of this cave is full of remarkable sculptures. "The statue of the Padmapani in the big niche on the right is an example of advanced craftsmanship of the carver."

Cave 17 is a very fine Vihara, belonging to the 4th century A. D. It contains a lavish profusion of paintings on its walls. No picture anywhere is more impressive in grandeur and tenderness, than that of the mother and child making an offering to Buddha. This is said to represent Yasodhara his wife, and Rahula his child offering alms to Buddha, when he revisits his native city, Kapilavastu after his enlightenment. One finds in this picture, a striking resemblance to the representations of the Madonna in Italian art. Their heads and their expression posing towards Buddha are unforgettable.

Another extremely graceful painting is the toilet scene, representing a queen, with her attendants holding the mirror and the requisites of an elaborate toilet. Says Gladstone Solmen, "I think of no parallel to this frank and chivalrous women worship at Ajanta. Nowhere else perhaps has woman received such perfect and understanding homage."

Cave 19 is a very elaborately carved Chaitya cave, one of the most perfect specimens of Buddhist art in India, admired for its beauty and for the completeness of its details. It belongs to the 1st century A. D. It has a very elaborately carved faced and entrance porch.

The Stupa is not plain, as in the earliest chaityas. There is a standing image of Buddha and on the top of the Stupa, are three umbrellas in stone, one above the other.

This cave is considered as "the sculptor's treasure-chest." The arrangement for the lighting of the interior is wonderful. The daylight introduced through one great opening in the facade throws a brilliant light on the altar and on the capitals of the pillars.

Cave 26 is the last of the Chaityas at Ajanta. Probably, the great Chinese pilgrim, Hieuen Tsang visited it in 640 A. D. This cave is very much more elaborately ornamented than any other. The pillars resemble those in cave 2 and the frieze above is elaborately carved. In the centure of the Stupa, Buddha sits on a lion throne, borne by two small figures of snake kings. The aisle walls are covered with huge sculptures, among which is a beautiful figure of the dying Buddha, more than 23 ft. long. Above and below the dying master, are hundreds of natural-sized figures of sorrow-stricken monks grieving over the passing away of Buddha.

Like the Ikshvaku dynasty disclosed by the Buddhist remains at Jaggayyapeta, the Ajanta caves disclose the existence of the Vakataka dynasty, one of the most important dynasties that ruled over the Deccan, after the third century A. D. In the history of the Deccan, the fifth century A. D. is the century of the Vakatakas. It is through this dynasty, that the high civilization of the Gupta Empire spread through the Deccan. Vindhya-sakti, the founder of this dynasty is glorified in one of the Ajanta cave inscriptions. Some of the caves and paintings of Ajanta were indebted to the Vakatakas. The last two Vakatakas, Hastibhoja and Varahadeva, "participated in the artistic progress of Ajanta". (see Jayaswal's History of India 150 to 350 A. D., page 73)

S. H. R.

Ellora

THE village of Ellora is about 14 miles from Aurangabad. The caves of Ellora present all the three important religions of ancient India—Hinduism, Jainism and Buddhism. They extend over a mile and a quarter. The Hindu caves are in the centre, with the Buddhist and the Jain at a distance on either side.

The earliest caves at Ellora are Buddhistic and belong to the 5th century A. D. Of the Chaitya caves at Ellora, there is only one, known as the Viswakarma cave. The great horse-shoe window of the earlier chaityas is here cut up into three divisions, with an attic window over the central opening. The inner cathedral contains a huge dagoba, with a seated sculpture of Buddha, 11 ft. high.

Of the Vihara caves at Ellora, cave 12 or the Tin Thal is the largest with three stories. Here is one of the large halls, with 8 square columns in front. In the centre is a seated Buddha and on his side, are six seated Buddhas in the process of meditation.

Of the Brahminical caves, the most marvellous is that of Kailasa (cave 16). It is a great monolithic temple, made by quarrying a pit 100 ft. deep, 250 ft. long and 160 ft. in height, preceded by a large square porch supported on 16 magnificent columns of living granite. A detached porch in front accommodates a wonderfully modelled bull. In front of all is a huge *gopuram* connected with the temple and the porch, by a bridge. On each side of the detached porch stand gigantic trident-crowned flagstaffs of solid stone, guarded by life-size elephants. A cloister runs round three sides of this vast structure, over which are halls of assembly and cells for individual priests. Over the central shrine rises an elaborately carved pyramidal spire or *sikhara*.

According to Mr. Havell, Mount Kailasa in the Himalayas was the model of this temple (see "The Himalayas in Indian Art.")

Ellora is famous for its titanic sculptures. The sculpture representing Ravana's shaking the Kailasa shows Indian sculpture at its best and is compared to the art of the great French sculptor, Rodin. The virtue of holy Kailasa was said to be so great that in the epic war between Rama and Ravana, when Ravana was worsted in the fight, he flew in his magic car to Kailasa and began to burrow a hole beneath the rock in order that he might transport it bodily to his stronghold and use the divine power against his adversary. Parvati feels the mountain quake and clutches Siva's arm to rescue him from his meditation. Siva pressed his foot down and imprisoned Ravana in his self-made dungeon where he remained a thousand years, until by penitence, he gained release.

The greatest work of art is the magnificent plinth running round the base and carved in bold relief, with a great herd of elephants supporting the temple on their backs. Havell explains that the elephant symbolizes the rain-cloud which encircles the Himalayan Kailasa.

The Dance of Siva is a common theme for sculpture. It is recognized as one of India's greatest contributions to the world's art. Siva is a great master in the art of dancing. In one of the sculptures, Siva is dancing very vigorously, in the Lalitha form. On the left is Parvathi holding Skandha. To the right is Nandi sounding the drum, another is playing the flute. There is the famished figure of Kali seated in an easy pose and witnessing the dance of her Lord.

In another, one of the finest pieces of sculpture of its period, Siva is seen dancing the Kabisama dance. The gods appear in the clouds over his shoulders, riding the peacock, elephant, ox, etc., His consort Parvathi, with attendants and four musicians looks on below. A small Bhringi is dancing behind Siva's leg. (cave 21.)

In the same cave, No. 21, is the sculpture of Mahi-

shasuri, the goddess, killing the buffalo-demon. She has her attendant and above are Gandharvas.

In another sculpture, Siva is represented as Bhairava, the great destroyer. He is destroying the demon and preventing his blood from dropping on the earth. He is holding a cup in one hand and a sword in the other.

There are several sculptures representing the marriage of Siva and Parvathi. The Nandi or bull which is the vehicle of Siva is seen below.

Saivism was in the ascendant. The worship of Rama and Krishna was not yet popular. But the ten avatars or forms of Vishnu are familiar and special mention should be made of the sculpture of Narasimha in the Dasavatara Cave. It is full of expression and suggestive of energy and vigorous action. The leg of Narasimha is interlocked with that of Hiranyakasipu. His two feet rest on lotuses. Hiranyakasipu bears a haughty smile on his countenance. This position of Narasimha is unusual in sculpture.

At the entrance of Kailasa, is the sculpture of Lakshmi, seated on lotuses with her attendant elephants.

The Jain caves occupy the northern spur of the hill. The most striking of them is the one known as Indra Sabha. Here is a colossal image, usually known as Indra seated on an elephant. There is a tree behind the head and small figures of attendants by the side. The inside of the hall has several fine pillars. The Rashtrakuta King, Krishna I (756-775 A.D.) was responsible for the construction of Kailasa, "one of the wonders of the world, a work of which any nation must be proud and an honour to the king under whose patronage it was executed."

Latur, in the Dominions of His Exalted Highness is said to be the original home of the Rashtrakutas. Ellora might have been the capital of the Rashtrakutas for a time. It was during the reign of Amoghavarsha 814-880 A. D., that the capital was shifted to Manyakheta (Malkhed). Sulaiman, the Arab traveller (851

A. D.) referred to Amoghavarsha as a great Emperor of the world, along with the rulers of Constantinople, Baghdad and China. Sometime later, during the reign of Indra III, 912-17 A. D. the capital seems to have been shifted to Indur or Bodhan, in the Nizamabad District. Quite recently, an inscription of Amoghavarsha I dated 872 A. D. was discovered at Kazipet near Warangal, showing that his kingdom extended as far as Anmakonda.

Fresco paintings are also to be found in the caves at Ellora. The best specimens are to be found in the Kailasa. Many of these are representations of Puranic stories.

Paithan, 32 miles, south-west of Aurangabad, on the river Godavari, was one of the ancient capitals of the Andhra Kings. The unknown author of 'The Periplus of the Erythrean Sea,' a merchant of the first century A.D. an Egyptian Greek, mentions Paethana and Tagara, as two market towns of special importance. "There are brought down to Barygaza (Broach) from these places by wagons and through great tracts without roads, from Paethana, cornelian in great quantity and from Tagara much common cloth, all kinds of muslins and mallow cloth and other merchandise brought there locally from the regions along the sea coast." Ter or Tagara of Ptolemy, is now a village, 3 miles from the railway station of that name on Kurduwadi—Latur branch. "It is note-worthy for the apsidal temple it contains. This temple is interesting as a replica of the rock-cut Buddhist chaitya shrines and the structural apsidal temples of the Mediterranean zone. The building is a brick structure consisting of an apsidal shrine; covered with a barrel-shaped ridge like vault, and a square flat-roofed mantap. The large dimensions of the bricks 15 x 8x3 used in the construction of the building are a clear evidence of its antiquity. The temple is entered through a small wooden door fixed in the front-wall of the mandap which is evidently a later addition."

S. H. R.

An Impression of a Ruined Garden

THE yellow light of summer tide
Gilding the leaves of the Champa-tree,
And here and there, a thirsty bee
Adroning loud from side to side ;

And here and there, a butterfly
Rose-petal-wise alying dead,
A dusty cypress lifts its head
High heaven-ward as tho' to sigh ;

The drooping trees leaf-bare and dry,
A nest of wasps inside birds' bath,
A lizard runs acrcss the path,
And in the air a dragon-fly !

M. NASER-UD-DEEN KHAN
Senior Intermediate

Stars

WE inhabitants of the earth enjoy a piece of good fortune to which we give very little thought, which, we take almost as much for granted as the air we breathe—I mean, the fact that we have a transparent atmosphere. Some of the other planets, for instance Jupiter and Saturn, have atmospheres which are so thick with clouds, as to be totally opaque. Perhaps a better place for the study of the heavens would be the moon which is quite devoid of any air or moisture, but is on that very account, unfit for living beings.

When human intelligence began to dawn, the first men must have surely turned their thoughts towards the sky, and looked with awe at the wonderful firmament. First they thought that the stars were some sort of illumination of lamps or lanterns suspended above their heads, perhaps only a few miles away, rather like the lights in the roof of a vast tent or hall. A little observation soon disclosed that the whole array of lights appeared to turn round once every twenty-four hours. It was as though the lights were attached to a great hollow shell which rotated above their heads. This is what primitive man thought, and indeed civilized man also, with a few exceptions, until three hundred years ago, when the discoveries of Galileo, made by a telescope prepared with his own hands, first began to reveal the true structure of the Universe. A new era in the study of the heavens set in with the discovery of the telescope, and advance in the construction of these instruments, aided the progress of our knowledge of planets and stars.

In olden days, the work of an astronomer was to watch the motions of the planets and to predict the occurrence of eclipses only. But now-a-days the advance in Physics, especially in Spectroscopy and Atomic Physics has enabled astronomers not only to study the

motion of planets and stars but also their constitution and evolution. In the beginning it was the spectroscope that was of great help in studying the light from stars. The instrument revealed that all stars do not give the same kind of light, but are distinguished by different colour distribution. By a parallel study of the colour distribution of light given by gases which are electrically excited and metals heated to incandescence, it was found that the stars consisted of very hot incandescent gases having temperatures of millions of degrees. This study further revealed that all stars are not in the same stage of evolution but that the heavens are like a forest with trees of various sizes and ages. The credit of unravelling the evolution of the stars, partly goes to the Indian physicist Professor Meghnath Saha.

Astronomers were not satisfied with a study of the light of the stars. They started to calculate their distances and their weights. Long ago Newton, who formulated the famous law of gravitation, proved that the earth exerts a certain amount of force on the moon, and a force is exerted upon it, in turn by the sun. The moon is at present moving round the earth at the rate of 2,300 miles per hour. If it were not pulled earthwards, it would continue to move in a straight direction and disappear from our sight.

Scientists can study this gravitational pull in detail both in terrestrial laboratories and in the far greater laboratory of the skies in which nature for ever performs experiments on her own colossal scale and allows us to watch the results.

The more massive a body is, the greater its gravitational pull is found to be, and the gravitational pull between two objects varies inversely as the square of the distance. By a study of the times of rotation of planets Kepler enunciated three laws bearing his name. With the help of these laws and the law of gravitation, Newton was able to measure the relative weights of the planets and the sun. The density of the earth was clearly guessed by Newton to be between five and six, a value which was confirmed by more accurate works. Knowing the radius of the earth by trigonometrical methods it is

possible to know the weight of the earth, and hence the weights of the planets and the sun. In this way it was found that the earth weighed 6×10^{21} tons and the sun 3,32,000 times the weight of the earth. These weights indicate to us the immense difference in the gravitational pull exerted by the sun, earth and moon. Because the sun has this huge weight, its gravitational pull is tremendous. On the surface of the sun, a strong man would hardly be able to lift a 7 lb. weight, and would not be able to throw a cricket ball for more than two or three yards. He could not even perform these modest feats unless he were made of steel. A man of ordinary flesh and blood would simply be crushed flat under his own weight. Parallel experiences on the earth need not be quoted but on the surface of the moon where the force of gravity is very small, a cricket ball could be sent miles, which is further helped by the absence of air and the consequent absence of friction.

So far we have only dealt with a small colony of objects called the solar system. Far out in the depths of space—far beyond Neptune, Pluto and the outermost confines of the solar system, we see other stars. They are so far away that we should not see such small objects as planets and comets even if they existed, but we see groups of stars which do not scatter but remain close neighbours in space. Among the groups of stars, the simplest type called the "Binary System" consists of only two stars each describing an orbit round the other—like two children holding hands and dancing round and round or like two partners in a waltz. They move exactly as they would, if they were held together by the gravitational pull they exert on each other, like the earth on the moon or the sun on the earth.

The astronomer watching the motion of the stars round one another can calculate how big a pull they must exert on one another to keep them from separating and in this way we learn the weights of at least some of the stars. Their sizes and motion can be studied by special optical devices called Interferometers first used by Michelson. The results are interesting. Our sun proves to be of about average weight or perhaps over. Taken as a whole, the stars show only a small range in

weight; if we compare the sun to a man of average weight, most of the weights of the stars lie between those of a boy and of a heavy man. A few exceptional stars have quite exceptional weights. A colony of four stars, twenty seven Canis Majoris is believed with uncertainty to have a total weight nearly one thousand times that of the sun. An ordinary Binary System R. Plaskett's star is believed, this time with fair certainty, to have a total weight of more than 140 suns. But such great weights are very exceptional. On the whole the stars show only a very moderate range in weight.

In contrast to their uniformity of weights, the stars show quite an enormous range in candle-power. For instance Sirius the most brilliant star in the whole sky has close by its side quite a dim star, which sends us about 10,000th part as much light as Sirius. It is so faint that it was not discovered until 1862. It is found that this faint star does not move in a straight line but revolves round Sirius showing that it is permanently gripped by the gravitational pull of the brighter star. We can be certain then that the two stars must be very nearly at the same distance from us, and that the fainter star not only looks faint but is faint—it is of low candle power. Usually, however, we cannot compare the intrinsic brightness—the candle-powers—of two stars, unless we know their distances.

As we know that the sun's distance from the earth is 92,900,000 miles, we can calculate what candle-power it must have to illuminate the earth as it does, from its great distance. It must give out as much light as 3×10^{27} candles.

Sirius is more than half a million times as distant from us as the sun. Light reaches us in eight-minutes from the sun, but takes over eight years to reach us from Sirius. With this piece of information before us, we can of course calculate the actual candle-power both of Sirius and of its faint companion. Sirius itself proves to be an unusually luminous star, it has about twenty-six times the candle-power of the sun and its power as a radiator of heat is almost on a level with its light-radiating power. If Sirius were suddenly to replace the sun,

our rivers and oceans and even the ice continents round the poles, would rapidly boil away, and life would be banished from the earth. On the other hand, the faint companion of Sirius is of very feeble luminosity, even in comparison with the sun; it has only about a four-hundredth part of the sun's candle-power. If this faint star were put in place of the sun, and we had no other source of light and heat, the rivers and seas even in the hottest parts of the globe would immediately freeze into solid ice, while our atmosphere would condense into liquid air.

J. NARASIMHA RAO

Senior Intermediate

Antony

GOLDSMITH in his ballad 'Edwin and Angelina' said :—

What is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?

But in the long range of literature there are many instances where the statement has been proved to be false. The most famous figure in the realm of friendship is painted by Shakespeare and that is Antony.

All students of Julius Cæsar have been struck by the devotion of Antony to Julius Cæsar. Antony was a friend of Cæsar, devoted to him and looking upon him as a god. When Cæsar was assassinated by the discontented nobles, it was Antony who was the spearhead of the movement against the murderers of that great ruler. Though Brutus had won the sympathies of the Roman citizens by his speech and though the conspirators commanded the vast resources of the Roman Empire, Antony led the Roman mob against those conspirators and defeated them.

Which man would not be proud of possessing such a friend as Antony?

The epic oration of Antony by which he turns his enemies into his friends is well-known. It will be of interest to recall that speech.

Brutus had just finished giving his reasons for the

slaying of Cæsar. The Roman mob entirely turned to his side. They had been ready to follow Cæsar to death but the day before ; now, they thought that death was too slight a punishment for him.

Antony came. Brutus appealed to the Romans to listen to Antony, and himself went away. Antony ascended the pulpit. The Romans eyed with disfavour the friend of Cæsar.

High on the pulpit stood Antony. A grand figure rendered grander by the spirit of vengeance that was burning in him. He began. The Roman crowd had not yet settled down. He made a fresh beginning. He called the Roman mob his friends. They were ready to tear him up if he spoke ill of the conspirators. He told the mob that he had come to bury Cæsar and not to praise him. He, by the logic of a sarcasm characteristically his own, told them that he did not believe that Cæsar was ambitious, but, he had forced himself to believe so, for Brutus had said so and Brutus was honourable. God alone knew how he hated Brutus just then. His sorrow for the slain Cæsar smote him. He could speak no more, so the Romans thought.

The sorrow that had Antony in its grip affected the Romans. Their confidence in Brutus was shaken. Antony perceived this and continued with redoubled energy. His arguments went straight to their hearts. With dramatic deadliness he produced a parchment. That, he said was the will of Cæsar. But, he said he would not read it. If they heard it they would kill Brutus.

This roused the curiosity of the Romans. They pressed him to read the will. He agreed—reluctantly. He descended. He showed them the corpse of Cæsar—rather, his body—all marred with wounds. Every wound spoke for itself, or Antony spoke for it. The eloquence of Brutus was next praised. The crowd felt that Brutus had deceived them by his eloquence. Antony continued to apply the epithet 'honourable,' to Brutus and his friends too often. The crowd resented it. They began to rush

off to take revenge on Brutus and his friends. But Antony would not let them go. He had one more thing to show them and that was Cæsar's will. He seemed a God to those people, an Apollo—perhaps a Hercules, as he stood there, now beseeching, now questioning, now requesting, now commanding. He read to them the will of Cæsar. Cæsar had left them all, princely gifts. Fuel was added to the fire. Resolution displaced their wavering wills. They grew angry with Brutus when they saw how kind Cæsar had been to them. Kindness is the only thing to infuse shame even into an enemy. They would set fire to Brutus and his friends' houses and fight with them. Antony did not think them honourable enough to merit his intervention. Silence is half approval. The reasons that Brutus gave for the slaying of Cæsar were forgotten. The people only remembered that their leading star, beloved Cæsar had been murdered foully. Anger knows neither bounds nor reason. The spirit of vengeance in them had reached a climax and none could stop them. Then off the Roman rioters rushed to kill the murderers of Cæsar.

Antony ! Thou wert a friend indeed. How much should a man love his friend to do all that thou hast done ! It is not easy to turn a howling enemy into a friend. It is not easy to face a well organized army with a mob. But thou hast done it and successfully too. The dead Cæsar gazes on thee and smiles with approbation. For hast thou not saved Cæsar from the calumny of future generations ? Hast thou not ensured for him the praise that he so richly deserves ? My readers ! Will you follow me to those Elysian fields where Cæsar and Antony are ? Will you look at them ? See the love that holds them both. See the constancy that shines in their faces and defies death itself. My friends ! Will you not be bound by that noble constancy ? Will you not be enshrouded by that sublime love ? Have you never heard :—

Love-less natures, cold and hard,
Live for self alone ;
Hearts where love abides, regard
Self as scarce their own.

Where the body hath a soul,
Love has gone before,
Where no love infils the whole,
Dust it is———no more.

'SEETHA'

Junior Intermediate

A Revolution in Film Industry

ONCE despised as the plaything of the vulgar and the amusement of the multitude, the screen combines to-day, the appeal of the stage, of literature, of music and with the advent and improvement of colour, of painting as well.

It would be difficult for one to guess rightly the origin of the motion picture. But thanks to the film people of Hollywood for their kind information that the present film season is the fiftieth anniversary of the motion picture, this is quite believable, for, in the year 1891, Edison patented the kinetoscope, but not his camera till 1897. In 1895 he had been presented by George Eastman, with the first celluloid film in strips. About the same time, the Lumiere brothers had built a wonderfully modern portable camera, using film, and were taking motion pictures of the events of the day which were the fore-runners of our present news reel.

It is really interesting to note that in those days (without the latest scientific inventions and the modern film equipments) how difficult it must have been to produce an ordinary film. Edison's camera weighed half a ton and it took several men nearly a day, to move it. We might have waited quite a while for the birth of the motion picture as we know it to-day, if further developments had not been made by his followers. In 1897, J. Stuart Blockton, one of the important film pioneers, presented 'Burglar on the Roof' which he had produced with Albert E. Smith; and the following year a picturization of the stage version of the 'Passion Play' was made. In 1903, Edwin S. Porter made the famous film 'The Great Train Robbery' for Edison, and it became apparent to even the dullest experimenter in the new medium, that there was a new way to tell a story. Other companies sprung up in competition with Edison, and

quite a number of one-reelers were produced between 1903 and 1908.

If American films have any genuine claim to productions that transcend mere photographed stage plays or novels and enter the domain of a motion picture art, most of this claim must be acknowledged to centre in what Griffith did for them. For it was D. W. Griffith more than any other who first told his story through the camera—at a time when any action of such a kind was highly unpopular, and made a film for biograph called 'The Adventures of Dolly.' In 1913, Griffith produced 'Man's Genesis' with Mae Marsh; and the same year, Italy sent 'Quo Vadis' to America—first of the monumental films in eight reels. Griffith's answer in 1915 was 'The Birth of a Nation', still regarded by many as the greatest American film.

Meantime figures who were to mean much to the future American film were coming into the new enterprise. Mary Pickford produced 'The Courting of Mary' in 1911, and the same year Charlie Chaplin produced a two-reeler 'The Floor Walker'.

The great War of 1914 brought film production practically to a stand-still everywhere, but the United States took commercial control of the film and has held it ever since. By 1918, it was dominating the world market, with production and theatre control in England France, Germany and the Far East. American films were accepted partly because there were no other films available, partly because their youth, speed and space made them a refreshing novelty everywhere. The American star system high pressure publicity and glittering story audacities made the victory temporarily complete. American customs, manners, speech, clothes, dances, music, produce, and building began to be imitated everywhere. European film makers despairing of competing with them gave up the unequal struggle and joined forces with Hollywood.

It is too early to estimate what sound has done for the film or what new wonders Television, three dimensional pictures and possibly Huxley's "feelies" may do for

it. Walt Disney in his cartoons has carried the sound film to the highest development and may hold the only secret of its future.

The cinema, however, is a development of the stage. There have also been other developments. With its news reels, the film has begun to rival the newspaper. It competes successfully with the novelist and the playwright and the short story writer. It has brought good music to millions. Leaders of national affairs, educationists, reformers, preachers and politicians are beginning to evince their realization of the tremendous importance of the screen as a means of educating the masses by propaganda.

The pictures being produced in America to-day and possibly to a slightly lesser extent, in England as well, are finished specimens whose polished perfection could hardly be bettered by any stretch of human ingenuity. The portrayal of life and truth, which is the fundamental and ultimate purpose of all art, has been brought to a completeness at which one can but marvel while one wonders whether it is possible to improve upon these standards.

We are really thankful and much indebted to producers of American films for giving us pictures of such great merit and excellence of a higher order, as Marie Antoinette, Romeo and Juliet, Wuthering Heights, Emile Zola, Louis Pasteur, Parnell, Elizabeth and Essex, Pride and Prejudice, Beau Geste, Rebecca, The Hunchback of Notre-Dame, Gone with the Wind, and many others of the same rank.

The film is already a record of man's activities, a means of propaganda, an expression of the artist himself and a serious essay. Its main function remains, as it must always remain, to tell a human story, to lift humanity out of itself, to entertain.

The film industry ranks third in America and seventh in India in importance and is considered a key industry. The industry spends every year Rs. 200 lakhs in India at the average rate of about one lakh per

picture. The film industry has been giving to the Government nearly half a crore of rupees every year by way of taxes and duties in India alone, much more in America; and American stars have the misfortune of paying the Government 15% of their income. The highest paid star suffers the most. This is really revolution in film industry.

SYED AMANULLAH HUSAINI

Junior B. A.

Personalities

GRAVE and serious sits the "little-great" man with compressed lips and red eyes while the "ladies and gentlemen" enter the class room and take their seats with as little noise as possible. The awe-inspiring face with a sharp nose creates fear in the tiny hearts of students daring them either to gossip or even to whisper. The attendance begins—the reverend head turning from one end to the other, with a grave smile of genteel-dignity at each name. "Well," the lecture starts with a clear-cut summary of what was told "last time." His gesticulations assist him in explaining each and every point. The two hands suddenly come together with a clap when a war is indicated and the ten fingers are interwoven as tightly as possible when unity and fellowship are explained. At times, the ever-serious lips assume a most happy smile, revealing the firm set of white teeth to its full advantage, when the point explained is interesting to him and to the students. But behold! suddenly the face turns cold and grave and it seems impossible to think that it was so jovial a second before.

* * * * *

It is just a minute or two past the bell. He comes at an economic pace in economic time with a swinging motion, a bundle of papers and a register in one hand and a piece of chalk with the duster in the other. Taking his seat, he waits for all to enter, some of whom had gone for refreshment, others for fresh air outside the class room. The lecture starts with a bold and loud voice, after the attendance has been taken with a "I was talking to you last time." Very often the lecture begins with economics. A complicated example from present-day conditions is explained. Comments are made on social problems and rural uplift and the lecture ends with a humorous instance from ordinary Indian life. Every problem is illustrated with one or two instances

which are both intelligible and instructive.

* * * *

"You sit there," "You come here," "You go there." The class is arranged and the lecture starts, but the "heroes" (a title given by him) unavoidably cluster themselves on the back bench and he tries his utmost, all the time, to keep an eye on them. "And" the lecture proceeds at a reckless speed creating a slight smile on all sides but some manifest their interest with as loud laughter as possible. A lion roars from one corner, another jovial spirit tries to be a cat and yet another being creates further mystery out of all the confusion. Then a dead silence, and he tries to find out the culprit with the assistance of the class Captain, in vain. The hour lingers on, some look at their watches and some by opening and closing their fingers show how many minutes remain for the bell. The bell rings! A sudden outburst of laughter, a noisy closing of books, a muddle of chairs and desks and his warning voice dies in the wilderness.

Look there! blinking and bending he comes through the library into the class. The students dull and drowsy after the hard work of the day try to be as attentive as they can. "Where were we last time?" is the formal beginning of the lecture with him. Wordsworth is his inspirer, Shakespeare his hero, Shelley his pet and Keats his favourite. A line from Wordsworth or Shelley strikes his imagination and fancy, which he explains with as many interesting similes as possible, at times with the help of the 'poets' of the class. Observe! an interesting and complicated image is created before his mind's eye; he stares at random for a while unperturbed, and if unfortunately his eyes fall on a 'lady' or 'gentleman' she or he feels the look piercing through her or him. A student asks for a thing to be explained but he, immersed as it were in his fanciful imagination, takes one long minute to divert his attention with an apologetic "Yes, yes, yes, yes." by which time the poor soul forgets what he asked.

MOHAMED MUMTAZ ALI
Senior B. A.

The Flowers

HERE is a flower, a little flower,
That welcomes every changing hour,
With red coat and golden eye,
And weathers every sky.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.

But this bold flower climbs the hill,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Peeps round the fox's den.

On houses and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The Rose has but a summer reign,
The Bonghenvillea never dies.

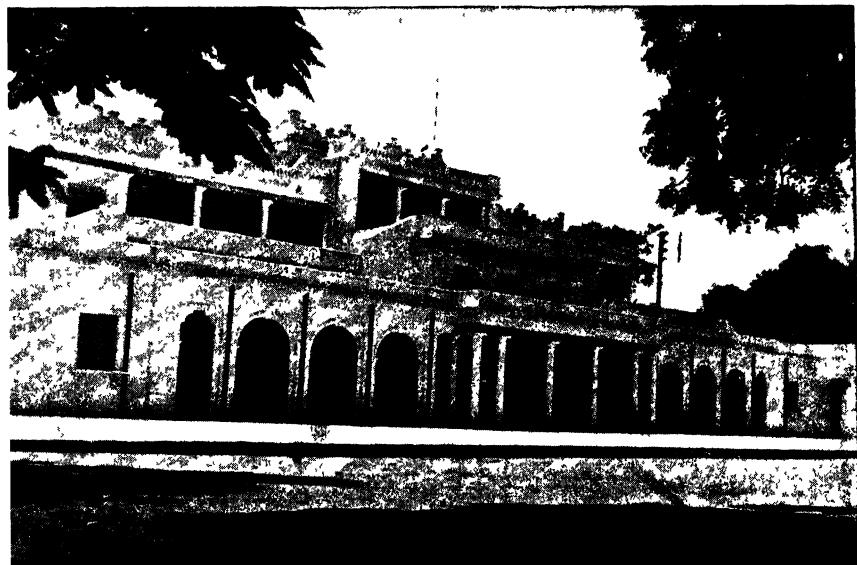
Miss F. QUTBUDDIN

Junior Intermediate





COLLEGE—ARTS SECTION



MADRASA-I-ALIYA BOARDING HOUSE

Photos by T. Prem Chand

Nothing

THREE is nothing falser than that old proverb which like many other falsehoods is in every one's mouth. 'Nothing can be made out of nothing.'

Whereas in fact, from Nothing proceeds everything, and this is a truth admitted and confessed by philosophers of all sects and communities. They illustrate their argument by the example of the creation of the world. The only point of controversy between them being whether something made the world out of Nothing, or Nothing out of something a matter not worth much debating at present, since either will equally serve our purpose.

It is extremely hard to define Nothing in positive terms. I shall therefore do so in the negative. Nothing is that which is not something. For instance when a balloon is filled with air, it is full of something, but once it is empty, we say there is nothing in it. The same may be said of a man. However much he may be daubed with fineries or whatever titles he possesses, yet if he has not something in him, the same may be said of him as of a balloon.

The word Nothing has a very wide usage in this world of ours. Nothing may as well be the object of our passions and senses. There are some who love Nothing, others who hate Nothing, while some fear Nothing. Nothing is the end as well as the beginning of all things. As Nothing is the end of the world, so it is of everything in the world. The Universe was created out of Nothing and will ultimately end in Nothing. Ambition Fame, Honour and the noblest and finest of all passions, end in Nothing. What did Alexander, Cæsar and all the rest obtain for all their efforts and achievements? What has become of the proud mistress of the East, Cleopatra, whose charms attracted the ancient world? Surely, Nothing.

Nothing may be seen, as is plain from the relation of persons who have recovered from high fevers or fainting fits, or those who have seen apparitions, both while conscious and unconscious. I have often heard it confessed by men, when asked what they saw at such a time and place, that they saw Nothing.

Some have felt the motions of the spirit and others have felt very bitterly the misfortunes of their friends, without endeavouring to believe them. But I have heard a surgeon declare, while he was cutting off a patient's leg, that he felt Nothing. There are men who sit down to write what they think, and others to think what they should write. But indeed there is a third and much more numerous sort, who never think either before they sit down or afterwards, and when they reproduce on paper, are sure to write Nothing.

Thus we have endeavoured to demonstrate the nature of Nothing, by showing what it is not, and then by describing what it is. Seeing that it is really the end of all those things which are supported by so much pomp and solemnity, surely a wise man must regard Nothing with the utmost awe and respect.

GERALD THOMAS

Senior B. A.

A Country Tailor

IN one of the busiest lanes of a small town a few miles away from Calcutta there stood the decent shop of Bishamber, a famous tailor. Humble as his occupation was, yet he won a great a reputation, and much money. Bishamber was an experienced man; he had almost turned grey in the service of his fellowmen.

In temper Bishamber was very mild and as quiet as a lamb. He had a very pleasing nature and both young and old were fond of him. Small girls and boys walking up to school always peeped into his warm cosy shop. Bishamber would smile at them at leisure and he would even play with them; although often he was troubled by some mischievous boys, who were a perpetual nuisance to him. In his absence they would upset everything. When the old tailor entered the shop he was mortified to see his shop in disorder. He would exclaim "What a heap of trouble these boys give me!" Everyday he made a good resolve to punish them but something or other would happen and the tailor was prevented from doing so. Bishamber was not free from a touch of humour. He had a good intention of trapping the naughty boys and of enjoining the fun. One day he purposely spread the cloth on his cutting board with some needles concealed beneath it and hid himself behind an old backwood cupboard, and lay in wait for the game just like a hunter. As usual a boy came running up the steps. His eyes were at once attracted by the bright piece of cloth arranged by the tailor. He seized the material with the intention of spoiling it, and there the needles one by one pricked him like so many sharp arrows. Having received this bitter experience, the boy sadly limped home. The tailor came out with roars of laughter and never was he troubled again by the young rascals of the country-side.

At the time of festivals there was a great demand for clothes and poor Bishamber was so fully employed that he hardly got any rest. Even at night he worked by the side of a feebly burning oil lamp, at black and brown satin dresses. Everyday men crowded around his shop like swarms of bees. Both high and low, young and old spoke of him in high terms. Bishamber became so popular that his fame at last reached the King who was anxious for him to make his beautiful robe of blue. So Bishamber was sent for. When he arrived at the King's palace, he saw the King dressed in an ample robe of white, coming slowly into the hall like a fleeting cloud of autumn and sitting on the throne. He was received with honour.

When Bishamber saw that the King had a striking resemblance to him there was a wish at the bottom of his heart to substitute himself in the place of that fortunate man. He cast glances at the King and after looking of him very closely, went home and examined himself in a mirror. To his great surprise he saw the same birth mark on his forehead as the King possessed. He had hardly imagined it to be so. His joy was so great that his heart almost ceased to throb for a while. Sitting on a three-cornered stool before a mirror, he spoke to his own image thus, "Yes I am the King Oh! no, I am like the King", and so on he muttered half-sounding words which were hardly audible. Then he boldly said, "Yes! I am the King." Having drawn this final conclusion, he was quite satisfied and tears of joy gushed from his eyes and poured down his cheeks.

A garment was specially made to celebrate the sixtieth birthday of the King and Bishamber was asked to complete it within the specified time. He earnestly set to work at the gorgeous dress and in the midst of his hard work an idea struck him that he should make another dress exactly like that of the King.

The happy day arrived, the nobles moved up and down; there was a great commotion and excitement in the atmosphere. Only the night before the birthday had Bishamber been able to accomplish the work allotted to him. It was such a gorgeous dress that it lighted

up the room with its beauty. Bishamber looked happy, for, he was able to finish his work and he sang many songs of self-praise. The dress was made so well that it fitted the King like a glove.

Now what is the mystery of the other dress ? Bishamber had made it for himself and every moment he thought that the next day he would disguise himself as a King and attend the dinner to which he had been invited. He was carried away by his fancies and he became restless and excited. He was so much absorbed in his thoughts that he gave cheers of triumph. He was almost lost ; at one time he quieted himself and at another he gave shouts of glee and rapture.

The appointed night arrived and the old tailor full of vanity put on the dress of blue and purple and placing a crown of dazzling artificial gems on his head trotted up and down the shop with the greatest satisfaction. Once more standing in front of the mirror, he said,

“In this world’s endless time and boundless space,
One may be born at last to match his sovereign
grace.”

His imagination was so strong that he almost forgot that he was a humble tailor. He stood in front of the mirror for hours together gazing and admiring himself. But when he heard the horns at midnight of the cars of aristocrats just returning home after the dinner and ball which they had attended in honour of the King’s birthday, he recollected himself and realized that it was too late. While he was still at home, people were returning from the banquet and now everything was in vain. It was a partial disguise or self-satisfaction or whatever you may call it.

MISS S. S. ENGINEER

Senior Intermediate

Physical Education in Colleges

PHYSICAL health and stamina and wholesome recreation are of immediate value in the life of college students. Physical activity is of such a nature that it will satisfy the needs of a growing body, and is a training for life. All students possess a physiological urge for growth and this hunger is satisfied by play. It dispels pent up emotions, removes superfluous fat from the body, and promotes self-control, self-discipline, good social conduct, skill, sportsmanship and leadership. There is no doubt that in many persons a healthy and strong body has a tendency to strengthen courage and self-reliance, while a weak body has the opposite tendency. Most of the students are even unaware what a great loss it is to them. They are ignorant of many small ailments which are due to want of bodily exercise. An hour's vigorous exercise regularly, will cure them of these ailments and at the same time save pocket money being spent on medicine.

In the matter of recreation also, many students do not seem to have thought of the wholesome recreative value of play and exercise. Recreation is necessary not only because it is fun, but because it really recreates and makes all life, work as well as play, enjoyable. Real recreation enables the body to rid itself of fatigue products, and gives perfect strength for renewed work. More work can be done in less time, if spare time is spent in suitable physical training.

Play has always existed in some form or other. To-day it exists as a highly organized activity which is being promoted and fostered by the public. In ancient times the Athenians organized 'play-training' for the cultivation of bodily beauty as well as for the attainment of moral aims. From this, one can clearly see that sports were greatly encouraged in olden days.

By facilitating physical recreation by making games compulsory for all boys and girls in colleges, by having proper supervision, by letting every boy have a chance to join in some wholesome activity every day at school, and by not allowing students to sit gossiping in the evenings—in these ways play can be improved in schools and colleges. Remember that games foster a cheerful, active and sociable nature. In the playing field abilities of a pupil are expressed to the utmost and his character disclosed. Games teach boys and girls the joy and value of physical activities out of doors, and give each person a hobby of some kind.

Physical education seeks to fulfil these important needs. Therefore all college students should try to take a keener interest in games and exercise. Whatever their fortunes may be, they can have at least a robust healthy body and they should remember that "Health is better than wealth."

MISS SILLOO B. FRACIS

Senior Intermediate

Nizam College—University Champions in Cricket and Football

THE sporting public of Hyderabad know full well the fine mettle of the Collegians who have been distinguishing themselves on the local play-grounds. For a long time, the activities of the College were confined only to the local tournaments. It was indeed a fortunate moment when our beloved Principal decided to enter the College teams for the Inter-Collegiate tournaments of the University of Madras. After giving a fair promise in the first two years—1939 and 1940—the College teams justified the Principal's confidence by winning the finals in two of the three major games of the University tournaments—Cricket and Football. For the first time in the history of the College, the College Cricket and Football teams have become the champions of the University. This signal success has more than compensated the trouble and inconvenience and the large expenditure we had to incur.

It must be remembered that in these tournaments nearly two score teams competed and the standard set up was very high. In Cricket, in the Bangalore Zone, we played against the Theosophical College, Madanapalle, Government Ceded Districts College, Anantapur and the Government Agricultural College, Coimbatore, before we qualified ourselves for the semi-finals against St. Aloysius' College, Mangalore. In all these four matches, we had an easy walk-over defeating our opponents by a wide margin of runs. The members of our Cricket team were all greatly excited at the prospect of meeting in the finals, St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly, and we qualified ourselves for the University championship by defeating them by 8 wickets and 8 runs. This was indeed a glorious achievement and was largely due to the able and

experienced captaincy of Dastagir Quraishi and the splendid team spirit shown by the players. Mazharuddin, Gulam Ahmed and Kazim Husain were very effective and proved deadly with the leather, skittling out most of the opposing teams before they could reach three digits.

In the Inter-Collegiate Football Tournament, after disposing of the Ceded Districts College in the first round by three goals to one, we proceeded to Coimbatore and had an easy victory over the Government Arts College. Next, we went to Madras to meet St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly, in the semi-finals and we qualified ourselves for the finals by defeating them by two goals. In the finals, we faced the Madras Christian College, a really formidable team. Our team played wonderfully well. It touched excellent form with the forward line repeatedly giving our opponents anxious moments and our defence repelling the attacks time after time. Unfortunately, our best forward, Cyril, had to retire from the field owing to an injury but we held on tenaciously, till victory was achieved. Our goal-keeper earned the admiration of the spectators by his clever and daring display in saving many goals. Muire was very strong in the defence and fed the forwards splendidly.

It was hard luck on our players that they lost Hockey. The long journeys to and from Coimbatore and lack of proper rest had fatigued them, but they had to play the very afternoon they arrived. Still they held on pluckily at Anantapur and had the better of the exchanges in the first half. It was very surprising to hear the spectators, to whom we were perfect strangers, shouting jubilantly 'Come on Jaafar! Come on Jaafar!' So popular our players had become.

We wish to express our grateful thanks for the encouragement given us by the spectators wherever we went. Every stroke we made in Cricket and every ball we fielded was well applauded. And we heartily appreciate the sportsmanship displayed by the opposing teams. They were indeed quite genial and friendly.

Our thanks are due, in a special manner, to the Principals of Anantapur and Coimbatore Colleges

for making our stay so very pleasant by their kind hospitality.

Whatever the results of these tournaments, we feel proud of our players and congratulate them on their sense of fair-play, for, that is the essence of any game or sport.

Thus we carry on—we carry on the glorious legacy left us by the "Old Boys" of the College, some of whom now occupy prominent positions in the public life of Hyderabad. Nay—on the sports side of our activities as on the academic side, we can even boast of having improved upon their achievements. The interest and enthusiasm which our beloved Principal has been showing in every sphere of students' activity and his paternal guidance and inspiration are mostly responsible for enabling us to carry the fair name of our institution to the remotest corners of the South.

M.D. MAZHARUDDIN AHMED

Junior B. A.

College Notes

The New Academic Year

THE College re-opened for the new academic year on the 19th June 1941. There was as usual a great rush of applicants for admission to the Junior Intermediate class. Owing to lack of accommodation and insufficiency of staff, we had to limit the number of fresh admissions this year also, but we are grateful to Government for having allowed us to take 20 more students than last year. 140 students were admitted out of 274 who applied. No new admissions were made to the Junior B. A., B. Sc., and the Honours classes, though there was a large number of applicants from other colleges and universities. For the same reasons many applicants had to be refused admission to the Madrasa-i-Aliya.

The total number of students at the beginning of the academic year was 418 in all the college classes and 387 in the Madrasa-i-Aliya. An interesting feature was the large number of women students admitted this year. They were 19, bringing the total number of women students in the College to 47.

Changes in Staff

This year there have been a few changes in the staff for the teaching of English. Mr. N. Parthasarthy, M. A., L. T., whose services were lent by the Education Department reverted to his permanent post after a period of nearly three years. Mr. T. R. Virabhadrudu, M. A., L. T., Professor of English at the Osmania University has been appointed part-time lecturer to the B. A. classes and Mrs. G. Armstead, M. A. (Oxon), has been appointed tutor for correcting exercises in English composition, of the Intermediate classes.

Mr. F. G. Mathad was appointed lecturer in Kannada in place of the late Mr. H. V. Krishnaswami, who died last March, after a period of more than 30 years of service in the College.

Examination Results

The University examination results continued to be as good as ever. For the Intermediate Examination, 94 appeared, of whom 15 took first class and 28 second class, making the total percentage of passes 67. In addition, 18 passed in two out of three Parts and 10 passed in one Part. Only 3 failed altogether. For the B. A. Degree examination, 48 appeared of whom 26 passed in Part I, 40 in Part II and 39 in Part III. There were 4 first classes in Part II and 3 first classes and 7 second classes in Part III. Only 2 students failed altogether. For the B. Sc., Degree examination, 18 appeared and 7 passed, of whom 3 were first classes and 2 second. For the B. A. Honours Degree examination 5 appeared, all of whom passed, 3 taking a second class, and for the M. A. Degree examination, 1 appeared and passed.

In the September examinations, 14 students of the College completed the Intermediate, 16 students the B. A. and 8 the B. Sc.

Among University distinctions, the first places in the University in Marathi, Persian and Urdu were taken by students of the College, in Part II of the B. A. Degree Examination, and in Part III, there were three first classes, one in i-b Mathematics, one in iv-b, Economics and History, and one in v Languages other than English. B. Ananth Rao took the second place in the University in branch iv-b and Zahoor Ahmed took the first place in branch v. In the B. Sc., Degree examination, there were two first classes in Physics Main—S. Vatcha and N. Sundaram, who took the second and sixth places in the University and in Chemistry Main, S. Balasundaram secured a first class, standing first in the University.

Among the University prizes awarded this year, the Haji Budan Prize for the highest marks in the

B. A., Degree Examination in Urdu, was gained by Ahmeduddin Siddiqui.

This year the College as usual achieved very good results in the Hyderabad Civil Service Competitive Examination. Of the thirty students who were nominated to appear for the examination, only eight were from the Nizam College. Six students were finally selected on the results of the examination, of whom four were students of the Nizam College. The first, third, fourth and fifth places were taken by them. Their names are :—

Ahmeduddin Siddiqui.

Kunj Behari Lal.

P. Venkateshwar Rao

Tahaver Ali Khan.

Scholarships and Bursaries

There are 16 scholarships of the monthly value of Rs. 10/- each held by students in the College and 4 Gokhale Scholarships of the monthly value of Rs. 30/. Besides these scholarships, 28 students have been awarded bursaries ranging from Rs. 5/- to Rs. 8/- per month. All the scholars and bursary holders are exempted from fees. In addition, 110 students have been made free scholars.

College Societies

The College debating societies started functioning with new office-bearers and a regular programme of debates, elocution competitions and socials for the whole academic year.

The inaugural address of the College Union was delivered by the Hon'ble Sir Mohamed Yakub, Reforms Adviser to H. E. H. the Nizam's Government on the 23rd August 1941. Nawab Jeevan Yar Jung Bahadur, M. A. (Cantab) Bar-at-Law, Chief Justice of the High Court, was in the chair.

The speaker said we were passing through the most eventful and critical period in the history of the world and the whole edifice of modern civilization was in imminent danger of being shattered to pieces. He pointed out that western civilization, western culture, western education and western mode of living were considered to be the highest and the best and we in India tried to imitate and follow the west unscrupulously in all departments of life. But the present devastating war and the methods by which it was being carried on, the atrocities which were being perpetrated and the manner in which innocent men, women and children were butchered and the way in which ancient monuments, seats of learning, colleges, libraries and hospitals were being bombed and destroyed had fully demonstrated the evils and proved the failure and futility of western civilization and culture. The most glaring defect in western civilization and education, in the speaker's opinion, was that it was based on the foundations of materialism and the spiritual side of humanity was ignored and forgotten.

Having seen these evil results, with their own eyes, they had to change their outlook and alter the whole background of ideas and notions on which their society was based. The 'new order' in his judgement should signify, in the case of India, the return to ancient ways of life and the revival of their religious beliefs and ideas, which meant a thorough overhauling of their western system of education in which religious education and moral training found no place. He did not however, want them to go back to the primitive age of *churka* and loin cloth, but what he wished to emphasize was that they should pour the old wine into new bottles, that is, the wine should be theirs and only the bottles and glasses, of western make.

Too much stress he felt was being laid on politics and students were particularly exploited, to establish the domination of political leaders, but the political theories and political ideals enunciated by Mill and other western philosophers without regard to the peculiar conditions prevailing in different countries, were un-

suited to India, as the conditions essential for the successful working of the British system of responsible government did not exist.

He exhorted the students to consider themselves, students first and last, and to drink deep at the fountains of knowledge and reserve their judgement about the practical side of politics until they successfully passed through the ordeal of student life. He asked the students to keep before them the noble example of His Exalted Highness the Nizam. His regard and respect for religion, his devotion to God, his love of knowledge, his religious toleration his patriotism and his devotion to the service of his subjects were qualities well worth emulation. He closed his address by quoting a passage from Dr. Temple, late Archbishop of York. "We must lift up our eyes from the task before us and fix them on the King of Love as He claims the nations for His own, as he tests our loyalty with the words, 'By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, that ye love one another'. From Him we shall draw the passion of love and the courage to take risks for love's sake. For He is the head of the body and only in Him do we effectually become what in truth we are by nature, members one of another."

On the 28th July 1941 Sir Brojendra Lal Mitter, K. C. S. I., a former Law Member of the Government of India and now Advocate-General of India, delivered the inaugural address of the History and Economics Union. The Hon'ble Nawab Mehdi Yar Jung Bahadur, M. A. (Oxon) Education and Finance Member of H. E. H. the Nizam's Executive council presided on the occasion.

Sir Brojendra rising amidst cheers, recalled his student days and said that student life was intended for the acquisition of knowledge. Students might take interest in politics, following current thought and events, but only in an academic way and think out solutions for themselves profiting by the experience of their elders. He took for his subject the Indian constitution and drew a clear picture of the system of government envisaged in the Government of India Act 1935 and dwelt at

length on the distribution of powers between the Central Government and the Provinces and States. He pointed out however that the federal part of the scheme was inoperative and the Central Government continued to be irresponsible in the sense that it was not responsible to the legislature. The country he said was passing through a period of transition, but he felt sure that the war would bring about profound changes which he could not forecast. The President in his concluding remarks observed that the constitution of a country shoud be suited to the conditions prevailing therein. He favoured the ideal of democracy and he believed that India would attain Dominion Status after the war.

War Effort

Besides the students whose names were mentioned in the Collegian (last October), the following students of the College have been selected for the various Defence Services:—

Indian Air Force Reserve

Idris Hasan Lateef.

Permanent Commission, State Regular Forces

D. B. Stewart
Mirza Munaver Ali Beg
N. D. Dittia
Yusuf Ali Jaffer
Mohd. Maslehuddin Junaidi
Mirza Masood Beg
Syed Ashraf Bin Nasir
Mir Zahid Khan

Temporary Commission, State Regular Forces

K. M. Verghese
Mirza Bahadur Ali Beg
Mir Yawar Husain Khan

S. A. Baqre Bilgrami
Mirza Unwar Ali Beg
N. R. Lutchwitz
I. S. Gorakshaker
Mohd. Qutbuddin Ahmed
Syed Waliuddin

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The total collections from the Variety Entertainment held on the 21st April 1941 amounted to B. G. Rs. 708/11/2 which were remitted to His Excellency the Viceroy's War Purposes Fund.

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In response to the joint appeal of Mrs. H. Gidney and Princess Durre Shelvar for Christmas gifts to soldiers overseas, the staff and students of the College contributed a sum of O. S. Rs. 250.

The Collegian

(An illustrated half-yearly journal conducted by the students of the Nizam College)

THE magazine was started in 1932 with a view to afford an opportunity to students for self-expression in English. All topics of interest to the student population will be considered by the Editor. The following contributions will receive special attention:—
(1) short stories, (2) dramas in one act, (3) humorous and delightful sketches of the class-room, (4) short poems and (5) short articles on philosophical, scientific, historical or economic problems treated in a popular manner.

Controversial articles on religion or politics will not be accepted. The Editor reserves the full right to delete or alter any part of an article. Manuscripts sent for publication should not exceed eight pages of ordinary script. Typewritten articles will be preferred.

It is hoped that the Old Boys will also find the magazine a suitable channel for expressing their ideas. Contributions from them will be welcomed and all Old Boys are requested to become subscribers of the magazine.

All remittances, communications and contributions should be sent to the Secretary, *The Collegian*, Nizam College, Hyderabad-Deccan.

Annual Subscription .. O.S. Rs. 3

